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AND

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

History of the War in the Peninsula, under Napoleon; to which is prefixed, a View of the Political and Military State of the four Belligerent Powers. By General Foy. Translated from the French. 8vo. Vols. I. and II. London, 1827, Treuttel and Co.; Edinburgh, Cadell and Co.; Dublin, Cumming.

THE first volume of this work has been published some weeks, the second (in two parts) has just appeared. We have felt strong repugnance to approach it, for various reasons; some of them private, and some of them public. To the former, it may only be necessary so far to allude, as to say, that the original French MS. was communicated to us several years ago by its author, with whom we had correspondence connected with it; and that but for our disapprobation of its spirit, and disbelief of its accuracy in many points, it might have issued from the press with somewhat of our co-operation and sanction. The remembrance of this left an impression as if a certain trust and confidence had been reposed in us: and we could not bring ourselves, with any degree of satisfaction, to apply that public censure to the *History* to which we consider it to be justly obnoxious. Even as it is, we feel that we must be meek and gentle in the few general remarks we are forced to make; and we trust that this candid exposition of the grounds on which we stand will set us right in the eyes of our readers.

We are not inclined to find great fault with the ultra-nationality displayed by General Foy: it is French, and will be acceptable to the mass of the French people. But we cannot help contrasting the different manner in which the French critics and reviewers have treated this partiality in their own countryman, and their imputation of the same bias to the English writers Southey and Scott. The complacency with which they gloss over Foy's prejudices and notorious misstatements is quite edifying; and also quite whimsical, when compared with the outcry raised against Sir Walter Scott for a few trivial mistakes.

General Foy, it seems, who had the misfortune to be beaten in every action in which he engaged the British, is to be considered a pure and disinterested authority; while Southey and Scott, who constructed their Histories of the Peninsular War and of Buonaparte from the best information they, as neutrals, could collect, are to be accused of every sort of misstatement and misrepresentation. Now this is a mode of reasoning to the correctness of which we cannot pin our assent. The more you beat an adversary, (and General Foy was beaten throughout seven long years, wherever he met an English soldier,) the less likely is he, in our humble opinion, to be perfectly fair in his judgment. In spite of even honest intentions, it is almost impossible for him to form a just estimate on both sides, and argue without passion on the events in which he has been an actor and a sufferer. On the contrary, we can

imagine that a pacific man of letters, a calm collector of facts, a consulter of official documents, a weigher and balancer of conflicting accounts, may very probably approach much more nearly to the truth than one of the belligerents—especially the well-drubbled one. Thrashing has always an unfavourable effect upon the optics and senses: we remember the biggest boy of our school, who was a sad bad hand at fisticuffs, and always vanquished in fight by the younger and lesser boys;—he was wont on these occasions to run blubbering home with the complaint that a lad far bigger than himself had pummelled him; sometimes he said there were two. And

“Men are but children of a larger growth.”

There is another consideration, too, which we would impress upon the world in this question, when we are desired (perhaps out of compliment to his name) to give our entire faith to General Foy, and discredit our own authors; and it is—to weigh whether the French or the English character for sincerity and truth is most entitled to respect. Let Buonaparte's bulletins,—the *Moniteur*,—the *Gasconades*, not confined to *Gascons* or *Gascony*,—the national vanity and *légalité* (which we do not severely blame), on the one hand, be thrown into the scale; and let the plain John Bullism, often boastful and overweening, but commonly allowed to be straight-forward, and exaggerating reverses (when reverses happen), be thrown into the other: and then decide which is most likely to give a false colouring to facts. There is not a country in Europe, except France, which will hesitate an instant upon the subject.

We therefore assume as demonstrated, that neither as an individual, under the circumstances in which he was placed, nor as an *item* in the aggregate of national character, is General Foy to be relied upon as a higher authority than either of the English writers; and wherever we find him contradicting them, we do not hesitate to mark him down as decidedly in the wrong. And on other occasions, where he has the field to himself, it needs no ghost to inform us that blunders of the grossest description are commented upon as if they were actual history. Indeed, so much is this the case, that the very editors of the English edition find it requisite to apologise for it in their preface to the second volume. We quote the evidence.

“The cursory examination of the first volume of Dr. Southey's History, which the translator was led to make during the progress of the present work through the press, has produced an impression in the highest degree favourable of the historian's general accuracy and fidelity. It is the more necessary to state this, as it has been the fashion among the French military writers to treat his work as a mere compound of romance and of national and political prejudices. Independently of the boastful ebullitions of national feeling, which are more conspicuous in the first part of the

work (especially in the first and second books, treating of the French and English armies,) such sentiments appear so inherent in every French military work of the present day, that it would be a waste of time to notice or refute them. General Foy appears to have drank as deeply as most of his countrymen of the cup of such illusions. But there are two points, in his book to which all Englishmen must take strong exception, as detracting from the gravity and impartiality of an historian. The first relates to the charge which General Foy has brought nakedly, without note or comment, against the government of England, of having in one instance sent hired assassins into France to kill Buonaparte; and in another, of having paid for the assassination of Paul I. Such grave charges as these ought never to be brought forward against any government but on the clearest evidence. When they were first promulgated by Napoleon, they were immediately disavowed in the strongest manner by Mr. Addington, who was then at the head of the government, and Napoleon was dared to the proof: but as no such proof was ever given, it would have been but fair in the historian to give the English ministry the benefit of their disavowal. Mr. Addington's words, on the occasion of Lord Morpeth's appeal to him, on the subject of Drake's correspondence, were, ‘I thank the noble lord for giving me an opportunity to repel, openly and courageously, one of the most gross and most atrocious calumnies ever fabricated in one civilised nation to the prejudice of another. I affirm, in my own name, as well as that of my colleagues, that no instructions or authority inconsistent with the rights of independent nations, or with the established laws by which civilised nations are bound, have been given to any minister, or to any individual, by his majesty's government.’ Such calumnious imputations could only find credence in times when the feelings of the great mass of the people of both countries were exceedingly inflamed against each other; and with the press completely enslaved, or at his command, all over the continent, Buonaparte had an immense advantage over his English adversaries, and found it an easy matter to make the French nation believe every falsehood which it suited his interest or his policy to give currency to. The remains of impressions communicated at that time are still distinctly visible in the productions of many of the French writers of the present day. If General Foy had been alive, we should have felt inclined to address him in the words of Mr. Fox to Buonaparte himself in 1802, when the latter ventured to make a similar charge against Mr. Windham,—‘Clear your head of all that nonsense!’

“General Foy, (it is further observed,) in his eagerness to lay hold of any circumstance that can detract from the Duke of Wellington's merits, has committed a strange oversight in his account of the battle of Vimero, which it is rather difficult to account for,

He states, that after the French had been defeated in all their attacks, Sir Harry Burrard, who came up during the action, approved of every thing that Sir A. Wellesley had done, and gave him full powers to improve the victory as he thought proper; and he imputes it as matter of blame to Sir Arthur, that he did not immediately commence the pursuit, and endeavour to cut off the French retreat. Now, if any one circumstance connected with that battle is more notorious than another, it is, that Sir A. Wellesley did actually propose to pursue the enemy, and that Sir Harry Burrard, considering it inexpedient, from his deficiency in cavalry and the enemy's superiority in that force, overruled it. The proceedings of the Board of Inquiry, which were published at the time, and all the contemporary and subsequent accounts, afford the clearest evidence of the fact, so that it appears quite inconceivable how he should have overlooked it.*

Now, notwithstanding all the clamour which our Gallic neighbours of every party and faction have raised against Sir Walter Scott's *Life of Napoleon*, we will venture to affirm, that in all that voluminous and difficult composition they cannot point out such unfair and prejudicial blots as these. On the contrary, the earnest and anxious desire of that distinguished author to sift out the truth, and present it to the public with unswerving fidelity, must strike every honest and unprejudiced reader. We do not mean to say that there are not many questionable points and errors: but who could produce such a work without falling into numerous mistakes, and having fallen into them, is it not, nevertheless, clear that the purity of the whole may be (as in this case it is) unimpeachable, and fit to be set up in opposition to all the mystifications of all the French generals who might either fight or write on the other side?*

A silly objection has been taken to this biography, which equally applies to General Foy's *History*, to Southey's *History*, and to all contemporary history. It is, forsooth, that they are published too near the time in which the events happened, to be philosophical and unbiassed. This is the cant of criticism. The philosophy of history is nothing more nor less than the trumping up of a consistent fable out of long-passed and forgotten materials. The truths are rescued from cobwebs beyond the memory of man; and it is gravely argued, that we must be better acquainted with what happened in the days of our grandfathers than with what happened in our own days and before our own eyes! *Cæsar's Commentaries* are nothing for authenticity to the *Life and Adventures of St. George of Cappadocia*!

But we have (perhaps) insisted too much on these matters, so much, that we must for the present be satisfied with one extract as a specimen of the volumes before us. On it we offer little comment, but a few words in italics.

The battle of Rolica, agreeable to General Foy:—“The English were fifteen thousand strong, and had the finest appearance. They marched slowly, but with order, continually closing up the gaps which were made by the obstacles of the ground, and converging towards the narrow position of the French. In this spectacle there

* Take Foy's account of the battle of Maida. “Lieut-General Sir John Stuart landed at St. Euphemia with 10,000 English, as many Sicilians, and a few Neapolitan refugees. The place where they landed was soon after the scene of a short but warm action, in which the English repulsed a corps of French troops commanded by General Renier. This skirmish was unknown every where else but in England: at that time renown did not give tongue to his trumpet but for deeds of arms of a more shining order.”

was something striking to the imaginations of young soldiers, who, till then, had never had to do with any thing but bands of fugitive insurgents. The French did not amount to two thousand five hundred men, including the three companies detached to the right. The flanks of the battalions were not supported by the grenadiers and light troops, these having, for the greater part, been formed into a picked regiment. The strength of this corps consisted wholly in the talents of its leaders, and especially in the coolness and energy of the general, an old warrior, beloved by the soldiers, and quick in inspiring them with his own vigour and confidence. As soon as the enemy was engaged in the plain, Delaborde judged that, if he obstinately defended Rolica, he should not leave time enough to fix himself in the strong position behind Colombeira. He sent the 70th thither, and he himself retired to the entrance of the defile, with the second light, the artillery, and the cavalry. This movement was executed with quickness and precision. To reach the new position of the French, which was approachable only by five ravines, with steep sides, covered by cistus, myrtle, and other shrubs, Sir Arthur Wellesley ordered five attacks. The most vigorous of these, having at the head of the column the 29th infantry regiment of Nightingale's brigade, climbed up by dint of courage and by the aid of the shrubs, and began to form on the summit. Brigadier-general Brenier charged it at the head of the first battalion of the 70th French. The 9th English, of Hill's brigade, came to the assistance of the 29th. Colonel Lake, who commanded the attack, was killed. *The two regiments were overthrown. There were even a few moments, during which the 29th laid down its arms, in despair of escaping [from the single French battalion!!!].* General Brenier dislodged, with equal success, the 5th English regiment, which attacked on the side of Colombeira. Fane's brigade, composed of the 60th and the 95th, endeavoured to ascend near the high road. General Delaborde repulsed them at the head of the 2d light; [one French to two English!] and though he had been wounded at the commencement of the action, as well as Adjutant-commandant Arnaux, the chief of his staff, and Major Merlier, of the provisional 1st light, he continued to hold the enemy in check, and animate his troops by his presence. The immediate attacks of the enemy were every where repulsed. But the action had lasted four hours. The French had lost one-fourth of their force, all killed or wounded, for they did not leave a single prisoner in the hands of the enemy; but, on the contrary, took from him more than a hundred, several of whom were officers. The English columns sent to turn the position on the right and left, were meanwhile effecting their purpose. That which Major-general Ferguson commanded might reach Azambugeira dos Carros in a short time. A retreat was therefore decided upon. It was executed with a daring regularity, which, no less than the combat, excited the enemy's respect. Thrice, General Delaborde attacked the English with one half of his corps [now about 900 men!!], while the other continued its retrograde movement. The 26th regiment of horse chasseurs perpetually came forward to the charge, without the Portuguese cavalry venturing to commit itself, and it several times drove the English sharpshooters back on their masses, which were thus compelled to pause. Major Weiss, the commander of a regiment, was mortally wounded in one of these engagements. *The fire of the eighteen English cannon, of large calibre, could not silence that of*

the five small French pieces, only one of which was left behind, embarrassed in the defile.”

The battle of Vimero was fought by 11,500 French, against above 23,000 English! And it is wonderful to hear it observed,—“The British army had no retreat except a precipitous coast, behind which was a turbulent sea; and yet Sir Arthur Wellesley did not feel the slightest degree of uneasiness. The position was strong, the troops were skillfully posted and ably directed; what was still more important, they were numerous, and the assailing columns were deficient in depth.” It is incomprehensible, that at Waterloo, also, that stupid Wellington did not care for the wood in his rear, which would have embarrassed his retreat: all that the French generals could write, never seems to have made him sufficiently attentive to the chances and methods of running away.

The Annal of an Oak. 8vo. pp. 55. Norwich, 1826. Matchett, Stevenson, and Matchett.

An ancient Oak at Kilverstone in Norfolk, descended from the royal tree which sheltered the first Charles, is here made to relate its observations and those of a jackdaw that nestles in its branches. Though disguised by many blemishes, there are parts of considerable talent. Descanting on modern symbols of approaching change, the Oak remarks—

“Beside those episodes called lovers' vows,
What wild discourses pass beneath my boughs!
The veriest clown will dignify far more
Than schoolmen and philosophers of yore;
Fresh from his institute the smith exclaims,
“What care we now for venerable names!
Hail, reign of intellect! proud march of mind!
Our sires, where are they? distanced, far behind!
Darkling they groped their lost, bewildered way,
And talking nothings, merely lived their day.
What knew they then of talismanic steam?
No more than you poor crows of Shrove-tide dream.
Ill-fated men! their's was the halo's haze,
Our's the full, glorious, intellectual blaze.
To hear him criticize art, science, text,
You'd marvel what the world will come to next.”

We may also quote the moral reflections on the fall of the Royal Oak in Worcestershire, which is stated to have taken place last year.

“What gloomy meditations close the day
That lays our last surviving parent low!
That takes the only barrier away
Which seemed to shield us from the mortal blow!
‘Tis sad to be the oldest of one's race,
To see no more on earth the well-known face,
That, with unmixt disinterested glee,
Benignly smiled on our prosperity!
Or like the rainbow gleaming through a shower,
Could cast a radiance on our darkest hour.
‘Tis sad to see Infirmary's stern hand
Wave o'er our trembling heads her withering brand;
To find our limbs grow stiff, rheumatic, ailing,
Sight, touch, and hearing dull, and memory failing.

Yet still, by Providence's kind behest,
Appropriate pleasures on each period rest:
If busy scenes our youthful fancy please,
Age has its benison—the sense of ease.
Still there are cordials sent in life's decline,
To cheer our progress to the land divine—
Some fruits late ripening still reserved in store,
Though paler-hued than those we plucked before—
Joys that can penetrate the gathering gloom,
As flowers at eve exhale their soft perfume.”

After some inapplicable lines about the faces of little oaklings, and such rhyme as “dawn,” “morn,” the strain mends again—

“Happy is he, who musing o'er the past,
Can firmly meet the hour must prove his last!
With him the stream of time flows clear and even,
And Contemplation points the course to Heaven.
While younger larks are furiously carolling,
His own the river's mouth is calmly nestling,
And when its furthest reach he can descry,
Unmoved he hears the roar of ocean nigh,
The boundless ocean of Eternity.”

From a rather elevated religious retrospect which follows, we have an odd and misplaced transition to the sportive style, when the jackdaw appears, and the Oak tells us—

“And as it mattered not which way he journeyed,
And much to hear of my good sire I yearned.”

It is not necessary for us, however, either to trace the fortunes of the trees or of the bird. The latter is caged in the family of a wealthy citizen—

"Whose present lady, third of his selection,
Has brought one pledge of mutual affection.
Child of old age, spoilt, humoured, she o'ercomes,
And twirls her parents round her little thumbs."

She is elsewhere not elegantly called

"A little stammering misbegotten thing."

At entertainments—

"They care but little how their guests may fare,
If their magnificence but make them stare:
A cold constraint pervades all faces present,
Except a few grimacing to look pleasant."

Thus the day passes heartless, joyless, flat,
No conversation higher than small chat:
The host looks grave, the hostess most demure,
Both labouring to behave on grandis signeurs.
And when the latest guests have left the door,
'Thank Heaven!' all cry—"tis over—what a bore!"

The jackdaw is given to proosing, and when called to order by its auditor, replies—

"Sir Oak! you might have spared your pains and bother;
For if your worship were my uterine brother,
I would not leave my narrative unended;
'Twere well, perhaps, yourself were shorter-winded."

But we have fairly shewn the merits and faults of this little production. Some very bad rhymes and several vulgarities deserve a severer notice; but for the sake of the plan, which possesses novelty, and of the good feeling in other parts, we spare the rod.

Peter Cornelips; a Tale of Real Life: with other Poems and Songs. By Alexander Rodger. 12mo. pp. 188. Glasgow, D. Allan and Co. 1837.

THE West of Scotland feeds, if not a very eminent genius, at least a very strong inclination for song and poetical composition. The present author has, in the midst of commercial employment, essayed the familiar and lyrical; and though far from the top of the two-forked hill, he has not absolutely floundered at the bottom. The tale is descriptive of common life, but wants the humour necessary to give piquancy to such sketches; and we must content ourselves with copying one of the most original of the minor productions, as a sample of the writer's Scottish dialect and ability.

"Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk,
And dinna be sae rude to me,
As kias me sae before folk.
It wadna gie me meikle pain,
Gin we were seen and heard by nane,
To tak' a kias, or grant you ane;
But, gude sake! no before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Wha'er you do, when out o' view,
Be cautious aye before folk.
Consider, lad, how folk will crack,
And what a great affair they'll mak'
O' naething but a simple smock;
That's gien or taen before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Nor gie the tongue o' old or young
Occasion to come o'er folk."

It's no through hatred o' a kias,
That I see plainly tell you this,
But, loch! I tak' it sair amiss
To be sae teased before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
When we're our lane ye may tak' ane,
But flint a sene before folk."

I'm sure w' you I've been as free
As any modest lass should be;
But yet it dooms me to see
Sic freedom used before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
I'll never submit again to it—
So mind you that—that before folk."

For the Dictionary will hardly authorise the application of this phrase to the lady.

Ye tell me that my face is fair;
It may be sae—I dinna care—
But ne'er again gar't blush sae sair
As ye hae done before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Nor heat my cheeks w' your mad freaks,
But aye be douce before folk."

Ye tell me that my lips are sweet,
Sic tales, I doubt, are a' deceit;
At any rate, it's hardly meet
To prie their sweets before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Gin that's the case, there's time and place,
But surely no before folk."

But, gin ye really do insist
That I should suffer to be kiss'd,
Gae, get a license frae the priest,
And mak' me yours before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
And when we're aye, balth flesh and bane,
Ye may tak' ten—before folk."

Boy's Narrative of a Captivity and Adventures in France and Flanders.

WE were obliged in last *Gazette* to break off, like the old novelists, in the midst of our story, where it might be supposed a considerable interest was felt in its hero: he and his three comrades had just cleared the strong fortress of Valenciennes. He thus continues his relation:—

"We all shook hands, and in the excess of joy, heartily congratulated ourselves upon this providential success, after a most perilous and laborious work of three hours and three quarters. Having put our knapsacks a little in order, we mounted the glacis, and followed a footpath which led to the eastward. But a few minutes elapsed, before several objects were observed on the ground, which imagination, ever on the alert, metamorphosed into gens d'armes in ambush; we, however, marched on; when, to our no small relief, they were discovered to be cattle. Gaining the high road, we passed (two and two, about forty paces apart) through a very long village, and, having travelled three or four miles, felt ourselves so excessively thirsty, that we stopped to drink at a ditch: in the act of stooping, a sudden flash of lightning, from the southward, so frightened us (supposing it to be the alarm-gun), that, instead of waiting to drink, we ran for nearly half an hour. We stopped a second time, and were prevented by a second flash, which alarmed us even more than the first, for we could not persuade ourselves it was lightning, though no report was heard. Following up the road in quick march, our attention was suddenly arrested by a drawbridge, which being indicative of a fortified place, we suspected a guard-house to be close at hand, and were at first apprehensive of meeting with a serious impediment; but observing the gates to be open, we concluded that those at the other extremity would be also open, and therefore pushed forward. We drank at the pump, in the square, when it was recollected that this was the little town of St. Amand. Directing our course by the north star, which was occasionally visible, we passed through without seeing a creature. About an hour after, still continuing a steady pace, four stout fellows rushed out from behind a hedge, and demanded where we were going. Whitehurst and Mansell immediately ran up; and, as we had previously resolved never to be taken by equanimity, each seized his pepper and his knife in preparation for fight or flight, replying, in a haughty tone of defiance, 'What is that to you? be careful how you interrupt military men: then whispering, loud enough for them to hear, 'la bayonette;' upon which they

dropt astern, though still keeping near us: in the course of a quarter of an hour, on turning an angle of the road, we lost sight of them, and continued a rapid march, frequently running, until about five A.M., when we were unexpectedly stopped by the closed gates of a town. We retraced our steps a short distance, in the hope of discovering some other road; but we could find neither a footpath, nor wood, nor any other place of concealment. We quitted the high road, and drew towards a rising ground, there to wait the dawn of day, in the hope of retreating to some neighbouring copse; no sooner had we laid ourselves upon the ground, than sleep overcame us. Our intention was, if no wood could be seen, to go to an adjoining ploughed field, and there scratch a hole in which we could hide ourselves from a distant view. Upon awakening from a short slumber, we reconnoitred around, and found our position to be near a fortification: being well acquainted with such places, we approached, in the hope of finding an asylum. At break of day, we descended into the ditch, and found the entrance into the subterraneous works of the covered way nearly all blocked up with ruins and bushes: an opening, however, was made, we crept in, our quarters were established, and the rubbish and bushes replaced in the space of a few minutes. This most providential and pleasing discovery, added to our many narrow escapes from detection, excited a feeling of gratitude to that omnipotent Being who in his infinite mercy had thus cast his protecting wings around us."

In the meantime Valenciennes was all in an uproar. By the commandant, almost madened, "all the bloody-minded rabble were let loose, with multifarious weapons, and 'carte blanche' to 'massacre' these lawless 'aspirants.' Besides which (adds Mr. B.), 500 of the 'garde nationale' were despatched to scour all the woods within five leagues, and an additional reward of 300 livres was offered for the capture of each of us. The reason for limiting the search to that distance was a belief of the improbability of our having exceeded it, after the arduous task of undermining, &c. But to proceed:—we were totally unacquainted with the country; an examination of the maps pointed out the place of our retreat to be the fortification of Tournay: the fallen ruins were the bed upon which fatigue, and a confidence of security, procured us a sound and refreshing sleep. At three P.M. we enjoyed our dinner, notwithstanding the want of beverage, for upon examining the knapsacks the flasks were found broken. Whitehurst, having lost his hat in descending the first rampart, was occupied in manufacturing a cap from the skirts of his coat. It rained all the afternoon, and the weather in the evening getting worse, we were detained till about ten P.M., when, no prospect of its clearing up presenting itself, we quitted our comfortable abode, walked round the citadel, to the westward, over ploughed ground, until, coming to a turnip field, we regaled ourselves most sumptuously. By eleven we had rounded the town and gained the north road. During the night we passed through several villages without seeing any one, and at six A.M. arrived at the suburbs of Courtray, expecting there to find as snug a retreat as the one we had left the preceding evening; but, to our mortification, the town was enclosed with wet ditches, which obliged us to seek safety elsewhere. Observing a farm house on the right, our steps were directed towards it, and thence through by lanes, until a mansion was discovered: this we approached, in the hope of finding an

out-house which would afford us shelter for the day; nothing of the kind could be seen; but, not far distant, a thicket was described, of about 150 paces square, surrounded by a wet ditch, from fourteen to twenty feet wide; here then we determined to repose our wearied limbs, and, it being day-light, not a moment was to be lost: the opposite side of the narrowest part of the ditch was one entire bed of brambles, and into the midst of these we were obliged to leap. Hunter, Mansell, and myself, got over tolerably well; but when Whitehurst made the attempt, stiff with wet and cold, and the bank giving way, from his great weight, he jumped into the water, and it was with some difficulty he could be extricated, and not without being dragged through the brambles, by which he was severely scratched. We laid ourselves down in the centre of this swampy thicket. The rain had continued without intermission from the time of leaving Tournay, and, notwithstanding its somewhat discommoded us, yet we were consoled by the additional security it afforded. This little island protected us till near dark, when we walked round it to find the easiest point of egress."

On the next night, the author tells: "We were overtaken by two horse gens d'armes; but it being exceedingly dark, they took us for conscripts, part of their own escort; for one of them, in a muffled tone, as if fearful of exposing his nose, said, 'Make haste, you will be too late for your lodging tickets.' Reply was made that we were fatigued: soon after, the rain increasing, they trotted on, repeating, 'Make haste, make haste.' We were not much flattered by the honour of their company, but not in such danger as one might imagine, as the road was between two woods, with a broad ditch on each side. Had they stopped to dismount, we should have instantly jumped over, and run into the wood, where no cavalry could have pursued. The rain continued to pour down, and, having been completely soaked to the skin during many hours, about ten P.M. we held a council of war."

The result was "to enter the town, and reconnoitre the low public houses, in order to purchase provisions; we accordingly marched on. Whitehurst entered one, which he found too full of company, and then a second, in which he saw four stupid-looking young men, almost as wet as ourselves: we resolved all to go in, keeping the door at the elbow, in case of necessity; we did so, and, asking for gin, drew round the stove. From the conversation of these men, it appeared, that a large party of conscripts had arrived that evening, on their road to Ghent, and were billeted about the town: this information we immediately turned to account. Our landlord was given to understand we were conscripts, who, in consequence of lameness, were allowed to travel at leisure, upon condition of reaching Ghent by seven on the following morning; but that, having been prevented, by the bad weather, from arriving in time to procure billets, we would pay for lodging and supper: to this he readily agreed. One of the drunken fellows in the room, rousing from his lethargy, wildly stared, and abruptly complimented us with the novel information that we were deserters; when the landlord, observing our apparent indignation, which he mistook for real, interposed in order to keep peace, and begged us to take no notice of it, as they were drunk: to which we feigned an unwilling acquiescence, but were, nevertheless, somewhat disconcerted: however, he fell asleep again; and soon after they departed, too drunk to make any further observation. Not-

withstanding our fears and the garlic, we ate a most hearty supper. At midnight, after preparing every thing for a start, in case of emergency, and all our clothes dry, we lay down on two beds, each keeping watch in turn, until four A.M., when we bought two flasks of spirits and some provisions. The weather was fine, and not a creature stirring but the landlord; we paid him, and departed. Without thinking of the road to Ghent, we turned to the left, when he called to us, 'You are going wrong;' we thanked him, and proceeded as he directed: the door, however, was no sooner closed, than we crossed the street, one by one, crept silently past his house, and took the road to Bruges; so that, had there been any suspicion, this accidental occurrence must have thrown the chase off the scent."

On the Sunday, the following interesting trait is recorded:

"Continuing our journey to the N.W. until dawn of day, we entered a thick low wood, and here lay without disturbance, basking in the vivifying rays of the sun, and listening to the church bells summoning all good people to assemble. We would willingly have joined them, had the church been so secure an asylum as the wood. As Whitehurst, with a praiseworthy and religious sense of the dangers he was about to encounter, had packed his prayer-book in his knapsack, and preserved it through all his disasters, we read prayers, offering up our humble thanksgivings for deliverance from the hand of the enemy."

At the gates of Bruges they were again received in a little public house as conscripts.

"We entered, and saw nobody but an old woman and a servant. At first they appeared somewhat surprised, but asked no questions except such as regarded our wants, frequently exclaiming, 'pauvres conscripts.' We dried our clothes, when the sudden transition from cold to heat split Hunter's feet, several of his nails also were loose, and Whitehurst had actually walked off two. The fire made us all so very sensitive, that we could scarcely bare a foot to the floor; but found some relief by bathing them in oil. Having, however, enjoyed a comfortable supper, we laid ourselves down as before, keeping watch in turn, until four A.M., when we paid the old woman, and departed. After wandering about in the dark, endeavouring to find out a road round the town, until break of day, we sought refuge in a neighbouring wood. Here we reposed until three in the afternoon, screened by dead leaves: about that time a boy alarmed us; no sooner had he disappeared, than we retreated, one by one, to a place of greater security, near a windmill, which, for the sake of distinction, was termed Windmill Wood. This was the second fine day since leaving Valenciennes; and the sun, diffusing its benign influence throughout our whole frame, so renovated our strength, that, forgetting our wounds, we felt equal to the severest trials."

And soon after, another delightful trait (though we dislike to repeat a foreign term on such an occasion) occurs.

"Between twelve and one A.M. we entered the village of Blankenberg, protected from the sea by the sand bank. Observing a large gateway, apparently the road to the beach, I passed through to reconnoitre, leaving my companions in the street. To my great consternation, I found myself near a guard-house, and close to a sentry-box, from which I had the good fortune to retreat unobserved. Proceeding through the village, to the westward, and finding a foot-path leading over the sand bank, we ran down to the sea, forgetting our wounds, and

exulting as though the summit of our wishes was attained, and we were on the point of embarkation. Indeed, so exquisite was the delight, that, regardless of consequences, we dashed into the water, drank of it, and splashed about like playful school-boys, without being the least disconcerted that the few vessels that could be seen were high and dry, close under the battery: nor will these feelings create surprise, when it is recollected, that more than five years had elapsed since we last quitted the sea in the Mediterranean, and that to regain it was considered as surmounting the principal obstacle to final success. But when these first transports had a little subsided, and were succeeded by rational reflection, we could but acutely feel the disappointment; although, had we been enabled properly to calculate the tides, we might have foreseen this event,—for it was high water on that day about half-past five P.M., consequently, low water about midnight; and as the vessels cannot be launched from that flat beach, excepting about the last quarter of the flood, and the first of the ebb tides, we could not have got afloat had we arrived even four hours earlier. Our spirits, however, were not to be damped, and, notwithstanding our original intention was to make for Cadsand, we resolved to wait in the neighbourhood the issue of another night."

Providence made the fugitives a warm friend in an old lady who had been in England: she concealed and ultimately enabled them to escape. Their stay with her is painted in an extremely vivid and interesting manner; during which Boys made thirteen trips to Blankenberg, in the endeavour to procure a boat. Many were their baffling disappointments, from tides and other accidents. The last of these attempts may serve as a specimen of the whole.

On the night of the 4th of March, "finding several vessels nearly afloat, we returned to our party with the joyful information. Furnished with provisions and a lantern, we took a friendly leave of Winderkins' family, proceeded silently to the water's edge, and jumped on board the easternmost vessel, in the pleasing confidence of having at length evaded the vigilance of the enemy, and of being on the eve of restoration to our native soil. The wind was fresh and squally from the W.N.W., with a good deal of swell; the moon, although only three days after the full, was so obscured by dark clouds, that the night was very favourable for our purpose. The vessel was moored by five hawesers; two a-head, and three a-stern: it was arranged, that Whitehurst and Mansell should throw over-board the latter, Hunter and myself the former; this was preferred to cutting them. We had been so long in Flanders, and received such protection from the natives, that all harsh feeling which might have existed towards an enemy, was so melted into compassion for their sufferings under the Corsican yoke, that we were unwilling to injure one of them, and therefore had determined, if in our power, to send back the craft, which, being a fishing 'schuyt,' might probably be the only support of an indigent family. Whilst Whitehurst and Mansell were executing the duty allotted to them, Hunter and myself got ready the foresail, and paid* over-board one of the hawesers. The tide now rolled in, the vessel floated, and we have her out to within about four fathoms of her buoy. Whitehurst and myself being ready to cut the other hawser, and hoist the sail, Hunter went to the helm, when he found the rudder was not shipped, but lying on the poop. We instantly

* "Let run fathom after fathom."

ran aft, and got it over the stern, but the vessel pitched so heavily, that it was not possible to ship the lower pintle. We were now apprehensive of the total failure of the attempt; for to go to sea without a rudder would have been madness, and being nearly under the battery, we were in momentary expectation of being fired into. Several minutes were passed in this state of anxiety and danger, still persevering in the attempt to ship the rudder, but at length, finding it impossible, without a guide below, and feeling that our only hope was dependant upon the success of this important effort, in the excitement of the moment, I jumped overboard; at the same instant, the vessel springing a little a-head, and the sea washing me a-stern, it was not without the greatest exertion I could swim up to get hold of the stern post. Hunter, seeing that I was dashed from her by every wave, threw me a rope; this I made fast round my waist, and then, with some trouble, succeeded in shipping the rudder. The effort of swimming and getting on board again, although assisted by my comrades, so completely exhausted me, that I lay on my back for some time, incapable of moving a limb: but at length, rallying, I went forward to help hoist the foresail, whilst Hunter cut the hawser, and then ran to the helm. The sail was no sooner up than the vessel sprang off, as if participating in our impatience, and glorying in our deliverance: such, however, is the uncertainty and vanity of all human projects, that at the very moment when we believed ourselves in the arms of liberty, and our feelings were worked up to the highest pitch of exultation, a violent shock suddenly arrested our progress. We flew aft, and found that a few fathoms of the starboard quarter hawser having been accidentally left on board, as it ran out, a kink was formed near the end, which, getting jambed between the head of the rudder and the stern-post, had brought the vessel up all standing: the knife was instantly applied, but the hawser was so excessively taut and hard, that it was scarcely through one strand ere the increasing squall had swung her round off upon the beach. At this critical juncture, as the forlorn hope, we jumped out to seize another vessel, which was still afloat; when Winderkins, seeing a body of men running upon the top of the sand-hills, in order to surround us, gave the alarm: we immediately made a resolute rush directly across, leaving our knapsacks, and every thing but the clothes on our backs, in the vessel; the summit was gained just in time to slip over on the other side unseen. We ran along the hills towards the village for about a hundred yards, when, mistaking a broad ditch for a road, I fell in, but scrambled out on the opposite side. Mansell, who was close at my heels, thinking that I had jumped in on purpose, followed; this obliged the others to jump also. Having regained the 'Cat,' we related the heart-rending disaster to Madame Derikre. Fearing, from the many articles left in the vessel, that some of them would give a clue to our late abode, and be the means of causing a strict search, she was desired to destroy every thing that could lead to discovery, or suspicion; then taking all the bread in the house, and leaving Mansell there, the rest immediately set out for Windmill Wood, on the other side of Bruges, where we arrived a little before day-light.

'Not having had time to dry our clothes at the 'Cat,' we were in a most deplorable state, shivering with cold, and wet to the skin; the tails of our jackets solid boards of ice, and not a shoe amongst us worthy the name. In this

wood we remained three days, each succeeding hour seeming to redouble the sufferings of the last; for, besides bodily exposure, the knowledge that we must fly the coast, and traverse the continent at this inclement season, without a certainty of adequate means, excited the keenest anxiety."

In another wood it is stated:

"Soon after taking up this position, the weather set in intensely cold, and, literally clad in armour of ice, we lay listening to the whistling wind, and shivering with exposure to the chilling blast, which not only defied repose, but threatened the most calamitous effects; indeed, the limbs were sometimes so benumbed, that it became absolutely indispensable to shake and twist ourselves about, to promote the necessary circulation of the blood. Nor did there appear any prospect of the termination of this misery, for, as the black and ponderous clouds passed swiftly over us, the wind increased, the hail beat furiously down, and the trees trembled, until the raging violence of the storm seemed to threaten the uprooting of the very wood we occupied."

But the rest of the tale, and the final safety of our enterprising and persevering wanderers, must be read in the extraordinary narrative which this little volume contains. Taken altogether, it is well worthy to rank with any tale of hair-breadth 'scapes; and we pledge ourselves for its being read with great interest by old and young.

Jones's Travels in Russia, &c.

(Second Notice.)

CAPTAIN JONES having gratified his curiosity by an examination of what was best worth seeing in Moscow, left that city for Constantinople, edging the Caucasus, coasting considerable portions of the Sea of Azov and Black Sea, and traversing the Crimea. On this route he often touched on the points already very fully illustrated by Dr. Clarke, from whom and from Pallas he frequently quotes largely, in lieu of original description. The existing state of things in the political world, and the position in which we see Russia and the Porte standing at this moment in these parts, however, induce us to refer to them for the continuance of this Review. We will, therefore, trace the author in such of his observations as bear most directly upon the relative situation of the two nations *here* almost at issue, and upon the ground where, if they come to blows, those blows will be struck.

Many abuses prevail in the vast empire of Russia; and its emperor, however desirous to promote the prosperity of his subjects, has it not in his power always to succeed. "This (says Captain Jones, speaking of the efforts made by Alexander) arises in a great measure from the vast extent and variety of his dominions, and the total absence of responsible ministers, I mean responsible to the country; for every act appears, according to the present system, to emanate from the sovereign; and in the governing of fifty-six millions of people, there will naturally be more frequent occasion for censure than for praise: added to which, ministers and governors of distant provinces, in all cases of the former, invariably make the emperor's name stand prominent; while in the latter, and in all popular acts, they keep it back as much as possible, in order to attach the credit to themselves. It is utterly impossible that the emperor can go into the detail of the multiplicity of business which is necessarily brought before him; and as no one dares to

question the justice of a decision which is promulgated as that of the emperor, most unpopular ones are frequently given in his name, of which he never heard. By the same reason, no one can urge the decision of a case said to be under the consideration of the emperor; and it often happens that he gets the credit of neglecting suits which, perhaps, have never reached him. If he decides cases, as it is very unlikely that he will ever recur to them again, except in extraordinary or marked instances, it not unfrequently happens, particularly in the distant provinces, that his decisions are never attended to, particularly if they are at variance with the views of the governors, &c. In all cases, we are well aware how much the force of any order may be frittered away during a journey of one, two, five thousand, or even, in some instances, twelve thousand versts; so that a certain degree of corruption is almost certain to intervene between the emperor and his distant complaining subject. This bears hard upon, and harasses the latter, while the emperor unfortunately remains in perfect ignorance of it, and fancies all parties are satisfied. Again, I fear the frequent and long absences of the emperor from the empire have conspired to form a great arrears of business, and therefore to increase the discontent; added to which, the national pride appears to be wounded, and it is not unusual to hear people ask, why a congress is not held in Russia, and why not oblige sovereigns and ministers to come to their emperor, instead of his being obliged to run after them? The system of military colonisation has also produced a most marked feeling of hatred and opposition. I will not relate any of the many, almost incredible, stories, which I have heard on this subject; nor, after the disinclination shewn by Arachief to my visiting the military colonies, have I thought it proper to endeavour to do so, except those which lay directly on the high road: but of this you may be assured, that at various times no very unequivocal signs of repugnance, and almost of open resistance, have displayed themselves. The non-assistance of the Greeks, and the moderate and forbearing conduct of Alexander towards Turkey, are constant sources of reproach.

"But truth is too deeply entrenched and veiled, for even his imperial exertions to explore; and he returns to his capital fatally impressed with an assurance that all are going on well and contentedly, when perhaps it is not too much to say, that more abuse and discontent reign in his dominions, and amongst his fifty-three millions of subjects, than in all the rest of Europe put together, with this dangerous and remarkable difference, that the abuses are nearly open to every body except himself, while the discontent is silent and smothered. The latter, I fear, will be the case only for a short time, and the flame, whenever it does burst, will be most fatal in its effects, perhaps devouring without remorse that which ought to be most sacred and respected. In 1821 there was a revolt of from five to seven thousand peasants in this neighbourhood (Taganrog), who suffered the greatest hardships and privations before a military force could subdue them; many died from want, and many afterwards by the knout. It is doubtful if this ever reached the emperor's ears; at all events, it has been most carefully concealed from the rest of the empire.

"The government is also rendered weak and inefficient by the very inadequate manner in which all the servants of the crown are paid; these, and the thorough contempt with which

all persons not holding military rank are treated, I take to be the chief causes of the present discontented state of the Russian population, who are now impatient for changes which they are not fitted to receive. Added to this, certain notions have been imbibed and imported by the late army of occupation in France, which are by no means favourable to the strict discipline that has heretofore rendered the army a mere machine in the hands of government, to keep the rest of the empire in subordination. In short, from all I can learn, carbonarism, and the most visionary schemes, have made silent but extraordinary strides in every part of this empire, which at present may be considered weak from all these causes, as well as from its overgrown extent. But could the abuses be remedied, what means of more than gigantic strength does not Russia possess? and should the empire fall into the hands of a second Peter the Great, I should indeed tremble for the liberty of the continent; while now I rather feel anxiety for its own internal peace, than any dread of aggression."

The author, though he notices many instances of notorious pecculation* in subordinate

* At Tula, for example, the general in command of the citadel (says the author), "seeing my smart Italian servant, asked me what wages I gave him; and when informed, expressed great surprise, saying it was almost as much as the chief commissary of the second army received. I in my turn expressed astonishment, remarking that the commissary was the best-paid department in our army, in order to put the officers above pecculation. He laughed, and said it might be true, but the policy of the two countries was perfectly at variance in that respect; for in England, if a man was caught in pecculation, it led to disgrace and infamy, whereas in Russia, the more highly and deeply it was carried on, the more was the pecculator decorated with honours." Even our old friend and favourite hero Platof is accused of being accessible to impure motives: the following is the author's account of the late hetman, and of Tcherkask, the capital of the Don Cossacks. "It consists of eighteen hundred dwellings, standing upon two sides of a hill, which gives it the appearance of two towns. The streets are very capacious, without any very striking objects, the houses being only one story high, with the exception of a latticed tower attached to each, and principally used for the purpose of drying fish, great quantities of which were undergoing the operation. The houses are indiscriminately built of brick and wood, and are usually square, with a large interior court, round which is a gallery where the inmates walk in bad weather, or probably the females generally, as few of them are to be seen in the street. There are several churches, but they are chiefly situated outside of the town. A very large and handsome one of stone is in progress, being intended as a temple or mausoleum to the memory of the great warrior Platof, who, from a common Cossack of the Don, became for many years (and died) their hetman. Indeed, with him may be said to have expired their freedom, for a native is no longer appointed by the emperor to that distinguished office. His remains are interred near the new church. A large block of stone, without any inscription, marks the spot, but they are to be deposited under the altar, and the church will be sacred to his memory. His family do not now appear to be either opulent or powerful: a fanciful seat, possessed by his eldest son, near the town, is going fast to ruin. It is said that many family misfortunes befel the old man before his death, and that his latter days were much embittered. A short time before his decease, his eldest son was most dreadfully disfigured in the face by the bursting of a fowling-piece, and his appearance is now said to be hardly human. Of the two English women whom Platof is said to have taken with him from England, I could not hear any account, other than that they had left the country. As I had ever been an enthusiastic admirer of the old hero's character, I was much shocked to find his memory generally execrated, and himself represented as the most unfeeling and avaricious of mortals. The ground of accusation was as follows:—Old Tcherkask, situated on the low laves of the Don, was extremely unhealthy and inconvenient, as the whole town (a few principal places contiguous to the cathedral excepted) was annually inundated between April and June by the swelling of the river, in consequence of the melting of the snow in the interior. To such an extent was the inundation, that the ground-floors of the houses, built of wood, and which served as storehouses for certain provisions, were entirely under water, so that the inhabitants were obliged to employ boats in maintaining their intercourse with each other. Added to these accidents were continually happening to their unguarded children and cattle. In consequence of this inconvenience, after years of complaint and suffering, it was determined to abandon the old and found a new capital, for which purpose Platof was invested with full and unrestricted powers by the emperor. The first object was to select an appropriate and eligible site, and with one

offices throughout the empire, expresses his belief "that as many virtues and as few vices exist throughout its territory, as in any large country on the face of the globe."

On the Turkish side, we are informed the Beyram, 1823, was just over when Captain Jones reached Constantinople, and he tells us, it "had been the most orderly ever known, in consequence of the influence of Lord Strangford, who, dreading that excesses might be committed by means of the unlicensed manner in which the Turks are in the habit of using their pistols, had represented to the Porte, that should any Greeks or Russians be maimed or insulted, he could not be answerable for the Emperor of Russia any longer continuing his forbearance; upon which all discharge of firearms was strictly prohibited. It is said that his lordship possesses more influence than was ever before exercised by a licensed spy," the term which the Turks apply to an ambassador. A most beautiful state paper just presented by him is the theme of admiration. His situation is certainly no sinecure, as he has all the affairs of England, Russia, and Austria, to transact, as well as many for France, she having only an inferior agent since the departure of the marquis, who fulfilled none of the high pretensions with which he arrived. The Austrian intermedio has just been appointed, on which occasion Prince Metternich wrote to Lord Strangford:—"Je ne vous envoie qu'un secrétaire de plus;" and in truth his lordship may be considered as the head of all the missions, his palace being the general rendezvous for discussions, as well as for hospitality, and an asylum for the distressed and oppressed."

"From the neglect of the cisterns, should Constantinople be ever invested, it must soon fall a bloodless prey for want of water, the besieging army always having the power of cutting off the supply. The aqueduct supplies the innumerable fountains which are to be found in almost every street, and which tend, in some measure, to relieve the uniform dullness which pervades them."

"Hiring a *peramidias*, (continues our authority,) or one of the beautiful boats which ply on the canal, I proceeded, accompanied by my janissary and dragoman, to make the circuit of the city, by rowing round the Seraglio Point into the sea of Marmora, then landing at the Seven Towers, and walking across the isthmus by the famous wall to the Golden Horn, where we again embarked, and returned to Pera. On passing the Seraglio Point, we remarked a number of cannon of different forms, ranged apparently more for effect than defence; as a sloop of war with a commanding breeze might dislodge the men; such is their exposed situation. Although two of the guns appeared to

consent Akkal was named, a village or stanitz beautifully situated on an arm of the Don, bearing its name, and about fifteen versis distant. The inhabitants of Akkal lived peaceably and happily retired; and when Platof signified his intention of occupying it for the new capital, they entreated to be allowed to continue unmolested and independent, and at length found certain means to induce him to accede to their request, and he declared at Tcherkask, to the surprise of every body, that, in his opinion, Akkal was not a proper site for the new capital. The Cossacks remonstrated, pointed out all the advantages to be derived from it, advantages no where else to be found; but when he named the site of the present capital they were quite in despair, and made use of every stratagem and means in their power to induce him to alter his opinion; but the inhabitants of Akkal had used an irresistible argument, and at length positive orders were issued for the immediate abandoning of the old and occupation of the new site. Here they certainly do not run any danger of inundation, for it stands very high, is far removed from the Don, a small branch only passing at the distance of three versis, so that they are cut off from all the commercial advantages of that noble river, as well foreign as domestic; added to which, the immediate neighbourhood is open and sterile, and they suffer much from want of fuel."

be of the calibre of sixteen or seventeen inches, and calculated to throw some immense stone-balls, which we observed near them, others were of small calibre, but having twelve barrels; over them were suspended some very large bones, about which I could not get even a marvellous account, both my companions declaring honestly their ignorance of their history. The current sent us, with astonishing rapidity, round the Point, (on which men are always stationed with small lines to track boats upwards), and we soon landed under the Seven Towers: the town on the west side towards the sea presents a poor and miserable appearance. We were allowed just to enter the outer court of the castle, as it may be more properly called than the Seven Towers, because there are only two conspicuous towers, and I suspect the term Seven Towers was originally applied to the whole wall which runs across the isthmus, and which has seven gates, over each of which was formerly placed a tower. Indeed, it is said in ancient history, that an echo could be communicated from one to the other, either by the voice or a blow. Whether this be true or not, the castle, at present known under that denomination, is by no means a place of strength; its walls being of slight substance, and having only very small guns mounted. Leaving the castle, we proceeded along the great road which runs parallel to the venerable and highly interesting triple walls, said to have been begun by Constantine, and enlarged by the second Theodosius. They consist of alternate courses of large flat bricks and stones in some parts perfect, with their battlements and towers; in others partly destroyed by earthquakes, or time,—the whole rendered venerable by thick ivy or shading trees. The height of the walls is such, that, when near them, the town is completely hid; and as the ditches are well cultivated as gardens or orchards, and the country beyond is clear of houses, it is difficult to fancy one's self so near the thickly populated city, once the mistress of the eastern world. The distance across the isthmus to the Golden Horn, or harbour, is about four miles, and the walls are uninterrupted by the before-mentioned gates. At about two-thirds of the distance, we came to Balouclie, where, in the ruins of a chapel dedicated by Justinian to the Virgin, is a fountain or well of excellent cold water, said to contain fish, black on one side and red on the other, or, according to tradition, half fried. The account is, that when the Turks carried Constantinople, a holy man was frying fish at this well. Somebody came and told him of the success of the Mussulmans; he was incredulous, and when urged to give credence, replied that he would not, till the fish, which were already done on one side, should take to the well and swim; upon which declaration they jumped out of the pan, and the whole species has retained the burnt and unburnt colour since. Whether one side is fit for eating I did not understand, nor whether the credulity of the Greeks leads them to believe the miracle; but certain it is, that before the present disturbance, they used to assemble at the shrine on particular days, in great numbers, and were allowed to celebrate the mystery or miracle with as much devotion or festivity as they pleased, unmolested by the Turks. Both my companions vouched for the truth of the appearance of the fish, and lamented much that none came to the surface during our stay; therefore, of my own knowledge I cannot speak, except that the water was excellent, and quite free from any flavour which might be supposed to be derived from the part of them

which had already been prepared to satisfy the appetite of the incredulous but holy man. For the last two years the Greeks have ceased to frequent this spot, and the Turks have nearly destroyed the chapel; added to which, the Greek quarter of Phanai is nearly deserted. The Golden Horn, or harbour, terminates by the Valley of Sweet Waters, the sides of which are adorned with pleasure-grounds, and an imperial kiosk, near which, with extremely bad taste, art and expense have been exerted to the utmost to constrain and prune nature, so as to destroy the luxuriance and wildness of the rivulet and its banks, by giving them the appearance of a straight canal, passing through an avenue of formal trees, and occasionally over flights of marble steps, intended to represent cataracts. On gala days, this spot is the scene of festivity and enjoyment for persons of every sect; and before the late dispersion and persecution of the Greeks, is said, in consequence of the numbers of their women who frequented it, to have presented extraordinary animation and attraction. The sultan was often to be found enjoying the sight. Beyond this valley is another, where his horses are turned out to graze in the spring, and which takes place with extraordinary ceremony and pomp. So much consequence was formerly attached to the noble animals, that petitioners address themselves to the imperial stirrup. Between the Valley of the Sweet Waters and the walls, is the village of Eyub, pleasantly situated, adjoining to which are several palaces, belonging to members of the imperial family. But the most remarkable and interesting monument is the mosque or tomb of Eyub, (a disciple of Mahomet, who was killed in the first siege of Constantinople, in 668), erected by Mahomet II., after the capture of the city, as is said, in consequence of the place of his sepulchre having been revealed to one of his favourites in a dream; he immediately ordered an excavation to be made, and very soon, either by hazard or imposture, a marble slab was discovered. Nothing more was necessary to establish the fact of its being the sepulchre of Eyub, over which the before-mentioned mosque was erected; and when finished, Mahomet II. repaired to it, and with great pomp was girded with a sword, by Ack-Schemy-Ud-Dinn, the shah, to whom the sepulchre had been so miraculously revealed. All his successors have since observed the same ceremony of having the sword girded, at the fifth or sixth day after their accession; and which is in fact their only coronation, being performed with much state by the chief of the dancing dervises. This ceremony is probably to invest the sultan with the authority of Calif, or with the vicarial power of the prophet; the right of succession being hereditary, but the administration is theocratic; and if the sultan is guilty of great excesses, he is three times formally admonished by the mufti (or chief expounder of the Koran), in the name of the people; after which, should he not reform, he is dethroned, imprisoned, or even deprived of life, as were Mustafa I., Ibrahim Mahomet IV., and Osman II. The coronation sword, and all the relics of the prophet, are kept in the mosque of Eyub, except the Sanjak Sherife, or holy standard, which is preserved in the seraglio. When necessary to erect this standard, round which all good Mussulmans are bound to rally, a small piece is cut off from the original, and sewn to a flag of the same colour,—so that should one be lost in battle, another is always in reserve, and thus its invincibility is preserved without a miracle. The Valley of the Sweet Waters, Eyub, and

the country immediately behind the walls, may be considered the only pretty spots near Constantinople; for beyond them, and in other directions, nothing is to be seen but an expansion of unpopulated, and, at this time, sun-burnt downs.

"The fleet at present in port consists of twelve sail of the line, one frigate, and twenty gun or mortar-boats. The water is so deep that the largest ships are moored with their bowsprits nearly over the wharf; astern of each vessel is a small floating watch-box, between which and the ship no boats are allowed to pass. The three-deckers are without poops; all the ships have their masts up, and rigging over head, but appear in a very miserable state, and not more than eight of them are seaworthy—some are quite hogged.

"The sea cannot be called the proper element of the Turk, every requisite to form a good sailor being at variance with his religion and habits. Pedestrianism and a distaste for bodily exertion are of themselves quite sufficient to form an insuperable barrier to excellence, or even mediocrity, in the profession. Having for so many years trusted entirely to the Greeks for the management of their ships, the cultivation of marine knowledge has been entirely neglected, they conceiving every thing besides fighting the guns perfectly beneath their notice. Yet no nation possesses to a greater extent every requisite to form a fleet in every respect most efficient. The south coast of the Black Sea furnishes the finest oak in the world, not even yielding in quality to the so justly vaunted oak of England. The varied and extensive dominions of Turkey can abundantly supply all the necessary *matériel*, while its extensive commerce, now carried on by foreign bottoms, would, with proper regulations in its favour, form seamen inferior to none in experience; for even without passing its own boundary, every variety of navigation, so necessary for rearing the thorough seaman, may be found, with, perhaps, the exception of tides.

"In an attack upon Constantinople, the Russians would of course endeavour to avail themselves of their Black Sea marine, in order to debark as near the Bosphorus as possible, which would bring them within a short distance of the capital, and save them a long march through an unhealthy and in some parts difficult country; and this plan of operation is openly talked of among the military and best informed. But where the transports are to be found to convey a large body of troops is the query. Unless the foreign merchant vessels at Odessa are put in requisition, I have no hesitation in asserting that Russia herself does not possess, on the Black Sea, vessels to convey ten thousand troops, unless with the assistance of her men of war, which will have sufficient employment to guard the transports from the attack of the Turkish fleet, if they are withdrawn from the Greek coast, and are promptly sent into the Black Sea: they may otherwise be perfectly useless, by being detained at Constantinople by the prevailing north-east winds, and the strong current setting through to the westward, till the Russians have made their landing good, and secured their communication with Kilia, &c. If war takes place, how it will be conducted, or what may be the result, no one can presume to foresee, there being at this moment so many conflicting interests and passions in Europe. In Russia it certainly would be popular; and if conducted with vigour and ability, would, with her immense resources properly brought into play, no

doubt soon be terminated, by the expulsion of the Turks from Europe; but if not conducted with vigour and ability, or if the immense resources of the empire are either not properly appreciated or applied, the contest may be protracted, and ultimately ruinous to her schemes of aggrandizement, by the total ruin of her finances, and the interference of Austria, which has already but too much reason to look with a jealous eye at the encroachments which have been insensibly made to the south and westward within the last century, and which a century ago would not have been credited as possible."

From these views, so interesting at the present period, and which well deserve the consideration of the British public, we must now turn for a few of the more miscellaneous features of Captain Jones's work, so as to afford our readers a sufficient idea of its character—but this will demand another Number of our *Gazette*.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Young Horsewoman's Compendium of the Modern Art of Riding, &c. By Edward Stanley, late of the Royal Artillery. 12mo. pp. 122. London, 1827. Ridgway.

WHEN every thing is improving, we see no good reason why the art and science of riding on horseback should not also improve. If we look back to the times when a Duchess of Newcastle wrote on the subject, we must be convinced that new rules and instructions have become necessary for our fair countrywomen; the difference in dress alone rendering a difference in horsemanship indispensable. If, again, we go farther into antiquity, and reflect upon the bare-backed, male-positioned exertions of our barbarous Amazonian ancestors, we must the more rejoice in the civilisation of the side-saddle and skirt. Mr. Stanley seems to be an accomplished teacher. His progressive lessons are directed "to give ladies a secure and graceful seat," and "so effectually to form the hand, that they may acquire perfect command of their horses;" it is well that no master starts a similar course of tuition with regard to their husbands! As it only affects quadrupeds, we shall do no harm in going a little over the ground with our author.

The trot, to begin with, is the only true principle of equestrian education. Having laid down this dogma, Mr. S. very civilly declines any pretensions to literary praise, and modestly bears his pupils on to the finale of good riding, which is acquired in the riding-house by leaping and plunging.

The first lesson teaches a lady how to approach a horse, "directly at the shoulder, so that he can neither bite nor kick her," if so evil disposed. The mode of being lifted perpendicularly into the saddle is the next step, and the lady must take a sufficient spring proportioned to the height of the horse. Dismounting is another useful lesson; handling the reins (always a double bridle) and the whip are essential; and we come after these to the still more essential "position of the body," which "must at all times be erect, and particularly easy and square, in order to ensure a perfect assimilation between its motions and the action of the horse, without which it will be utterly impossible to acquire any degree of balance." The further directions are rather oddly expressed and technical for our quotation; but we may observe that the author insists on the lady's "constantly feeling herself united to her horse." Another recommendation is, occasionally to ride on the off or wrong side of the saddle:—but we have said

enough of this manual, and have only to add that it is a very sensible and judicious publication.

The Cook and Housewife's Manual, &c. By Mrs. Margaret Dods, of the Cleikum Inn, St. Ronan's. Second Edition. Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd, and Bell and Bradgate; London, Whittaker; Glasgow, Robertson and Atkinson.

WHEN Meg Dods served up her first course we paid due respect to her savoury vlands, and have therefore the less appetite for this second service. We have merely to notice that more than two hundred new receipts have been added, and that the revision of the whole has produced very marked improvement. French cookery is more particularly expounded, and, altogether, we consider the *hottess* of the Cleikum to be one of the best ones extant for gastronomical consultation.

Chronicles of Wesleyan Methodism. By Samuel Warren, LL.D. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1827. John Stephens.

THESE *Chronicles*, differing much, we guess, from those forthcoming of the Canonate, contain a digest of the laws and regulations of Wesleyan Methodism, with a comprehensive statement of its principal doctrines. Considering the name of the sect, it may be deemed strange that a methodical work of this useful description should have been so long delayed; certain it is that it must be an acceptable manual to all the preachers and others who take a leading part in the connexion. The publication is very carefully and judiciously compiled, and its tone is moderate and rational.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

The following letter has been addressed to the Editor of the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal*, by Sir Walter Scott:—

Sir,—I observed in the London papers which I received yesterday, a letter from General Gourgaud, which I beg you will have the goodness to reprint, with this communication and the papers accompanying it.

It appears that the general is greatly displeased, because, availing myself of formal official documents, I have represented General Gourgaud, in the *Life of Napoleon Buonaparte*, as communicating to the British Government and the representatives of others of the allied powers, certain statements in matter, which he seems at present desirous to deny or disavow, though in what degree or to what extent, he has not explicitly stated.

Upon these grounds, for I can discover no other, General Gourgaud has been pleased to charge me, in the most intemperate terms, as the agent of a plot, contrived by the late British ministers, to slander and dishonour him. I will not attempt to imitate the general, either in his eloquence or his invective, but confine myself to the simple fact, that his accusation against me is as void of truth as it is of plausibility. I undertook and carried on the task of writing the *Life of Napoleon Buonaparte*, without the least intercourse with, or encouragement from, the ministry of the time, or any person connected with them; nor was it until my task was very far advanced, that I asked and obtained permission from the Earl Bathurst, then principal Secretary for the Colonial Department, to consult such documents as his office afforded, concerning the residence of Napoleon Buona-

parte at St. Helena. His lordship's liberality, with that of Mr. Hay, the under-Secretary, permitted me, in the month of October last, personal access to the official records, when I inspected more than sixteen quarto volumes of letters, from which I made memoranda or extracts at my own discretion, unactuated by any feeling excepting the wish to do justice to all parties. The papers relating to General Gourgaud and his communications were not pointed out to me by any one. They occurred, in the course of my researches, like other pieces of information, and were of too serious and important a character, verified as they were, to be omitted in the history. The idea that, dated and authenticated as they are, they could have been false documents, framed to mislead future historians, seems as absurd as it is positively false that they were fabricated on any understanding with me, who had not, at the time of their date, the slightest knowledge of their existence.

To me, evidence, *ex facie* the most unquestionable, bore, that General Gourgaud had attested certain facts of importance to different persons, at different times and places; and it did not, I own, occur to me, that what he is stated to have made the subject of grave assertion and attestation could, or ought to be, received as matter of doubt, because it rested only on a verbal communication made before responsible witnesses, and was not concluded by any formal signature of the party. I have been accustomed to consider a gentleman's word as equally worthy of credit with his handwriting.

At the same time, in availing myself of these documents, I felt it a duty to confine myself entirely to those particulars which concerned the history of Napoleon, his person, and his situation at St. Helena; omitting all subordinate matters in which General Gourgaud, in his communications with our ministers and others, referred to transactions of a more private character, personal to himself and other gentlemen residing at St. Helena. I shall observe the same degree of restraint as far as possible, out of the sincere respect I entertain for the honour and fidelity of General Gourgaud's companions in exile, who might justly complain of me for reviving the memory of petty altercations; but out of no deference to General Gourgaud, to whom I owe none. The line which General Gourgaud has adopted, obliges me now, in respect to my own character, to lay the full evidence before the public, subject only to the above restriction; that it may appear how far it bears out the account given of those transactions in the *History of Napoleon*. I should have been equally willing to have communicated my authorities to General Gourgaud in private, had he made such a request, according to the ordinary courtesies of society.

With these observations, I request you to print two documents. No. I. is a series of extracts and notes of passages which I did not think it necessary to take down at full length, because I found them scattered over an extensive correspondence in the Colonial Office, and because the facts they contain, so far as I meant to found upon them, are more fully and officially detailed in that which follows, viz. the document No. II.—No. II. is an exact copy taken from the record of a letter written by Mr. Goulburn, under Secretary for the Colonial Department for the time, giving to the principal Secretary of State for that department, Earl Bathurst, an official and formal report of General Gourgaud's communications on the subject of Napoleon and his

residence at St. Helena. This letter, attested by his subscription, the truth of which all who know Mr. Goulburn will consider as undeniable, is fully corroborated by the previous extracts, and throws light on them in its turn.

In availing myself of public documents, placed at my disposal by those who had a right to do so, I hold myself fully responsible for the fidelity and accuracy of the notes and transcript, which can be easily verified by collating them with the originals. Verbal errors there may be, but not a word is added or suppressed which could alter the sense of the passages referred to. I have shewn what my authorities are, and where the originals exist. I trust that, upon reference to the *Life of Napoleon*, I shall be found to have used the information these documents afforded with becoming respect to private feelings, and, at the same time, with the courage and candour due to the truth of history. If I were capable of failing in either respect, I should despise myself as much, if possible, as I do the resentment of General Gourgaud.

The historian's task of expurgation is of course ended, when he has published authorities of apparent authenticity. If General Gourgaud shall undertake to prove that the subjoined documents are false and forged, in whole or in part, the burden of the proof will lie with himself; and something better than the assertion of the party interested will be necessary to overcome the testimony of Mr. Goulburn and the other evidence.

There is indeed another course. General Gourgaud may represent the whole of his communications as a trick played off upon the English ministers, in order to induce them to grant his personal liberty. But I cannot imitate the general's disregard of common civility so far as to suppose him capable of a total departure from veracity, when giving evidence upon his word of honour.

In representing the ex-emperor's health as good, his finances as ample, his means of escape as easy and frequent, while he knew his condition to be the reverse in every particular, General Gourgaud must have been sensible, that the deceptive views thus impressed on the British ministers must have had the natural effect of adding to the rigours of his patron's confinement. Napoleon, it must be recollected, would receive the visits of no English physician in whom Sir Hudson Lowe seemed to repose confidence, and he shunned, as much as possible, all intercourse with the British. Whom, therefore, were Sir Hudson Lowe and the British ministers to believe concerning the real state of his health and circumstances, if they were to refuse credit to his own aide-de-camp, an officer of distinction, whom no one could suppose guilty of slandering his master for the purpose of obtaining a straight passage to England for himself, instead of being subjected to the inconvenience of going round by the Cape of Good Hope? And again, when General Gourgaud, having arrived in London, and the purpose of his supposed deception being fully attained, continued to represent Napoleon as feigning poverty whilst in affliction, affecting illness whilst in health, and possessing ready means of escape whilst he was complaining of unnecessary restraint,—what effect could such statements produce on Lord Bathurst and the other members of the British ministry, except a disregard to Napoleon's remonstrances, and a rigorous increase of every precaution necessary to prevent his escape? They had the evidence of one of his most intimate personal attendants to justify them for acting thus; and their own

responsibility, to Britain and to Europe, for the safe custody of Napoleon, would have rendered them inexcusable had they acted otherwise.

It is no concern of mine, however, how the actual truth of the fact stands. It is sufficient to me to have shewn, that I have not laid to General Gourgaud's charge a single expression for which I had not the most indubitable authority. If I have been guilty of over-credulity in attaching more weight to General Gourgaud's evidence than it deserves, I am well taught not to repeat the error; and the world, too, may profit by the lesson.

I am, sir, your humble servant,

WALTER SCOTT.

NO. I.

Notes relative to General Gourgaud's Communications with Sir Hudson Lowe, and with the Commissioners for the Allied Powers residing at St. Helena.

Gourgaud, an officer of high military attainments, having been made aid-de-camp to the Duke of Berri, was, nevertheless, one of the first to leave him on the Hundred Days. He accompanied Buonaparte to St. Helena, being in immediate attendance on him at the time of his fall. Took less part in the quarrels with the governor than Bertrand or Montholon, and made himself no party to their debates with each other. Received several affecting letters from his mother and sisters, to whom he was much attached. His conduct appeared to Sir Hudson Lowe to be that of a brave officer who follows his chief in adversity. Sir Hudson Lowe, therefore, transmits him direct to England.

Gourgaud, in taking leave of Sir Hudson Lowe, gave him word of honour, that he had never entered into any political intrigue; said he would accuse no one, but that he owed his whole distress and mortifications to his having refused to enter into matters which had been proposed to him; that the truth would one day be known, and Sir Hudson would then learn that he had left Longwood rather than enter into any political affairs.

Bertrand had given Gourgaud a draught on Mr. Balcornie for 500*l.*, which Balcornie had not paid. This was not known to Bertrand, who, on General Gourgaud's applying for money, declared, in conversation with a British officer, that the emperor had given Gourgaud's mother a pension of 12,000 francs yearly. Gourgaud conceived this allegation was meant to prejudice him with the Bourbons. He stated that they had attempted to make him the executioner of some directions. He had once, he allowed, received an order for 12,000 francs, but clogged with a condition about lodging money on Buonaparte's own account; and his refusal to do this had occasioned him much ill treatment on the part of Napoleon, with every act of persecution on that of Bertrand. He was finally informed by them, that, unless he agreed to facilitate the transaction, he would not be allowed to remain at St. Helena. He finally sent this letter by the 63*d* regiment. [There is much more about this squabble.]

The breaking up of the plate he spoke of as a trick, as they had abundance of money. Sir H. Lowe observed, it might be that supplied by Las Cases: to which Gourgaud replied—"Oh, non; avant cela ils ont eu 240,000 francs en or et une grande partie en quadruples d'Espagne;" further said, it was Prince Eugene who had lodged the money in the hands of Messrs. Andrew Street and Parker. He spoke of the circulation of pamphlets, and the design to form a *moyen* in France and in Eng-

land, to which he had been required to be assisting.—Said Buonaparte had told Talleyrand that Count Bertrand was "l'homme le plus faux et le plus dissimulé de la France."

On one occasion Buonaparte said Las Cases had more talent than Talleyrand; on another, that he was "plusôt un homme mediocre."

Gourgaud communicated also to Baron Sturmer the circumstance of the 240,000 francs.

Napoleon suggested to General Gourgaud the idea of self-destruction, and Bertrand supported the idea. The plan was, to shut themselves up with charcoal burning, as an easy death recommended by Berthollet the chemist.

Said General Wilson was to be the editor of Santini's pamphlet.

Piontowski suspected by General Gourgaud to be a spy of Fouché.

Ellis's book on St. Helena disappointed great expectations on Buonaparte's side, who expected much from his conversation with Lord Amherst; that several pamphlets would appear; that Sir Hudson Lowe was not to consider the abuse against himself as personally meant, *mais par politique*; that he trusted to obtain something *a force de plaintes*.

The publications which Napoleon thought had been most injurious to him were, Truckess's *Journey to Elba*, and De Pradt's *Embassy to Warsaw*.

The mixture of his character.—Sometimes he spoke like a deity, sometimes in a very inferior style.

Napoleon had agitated vaguely several schemes of escape; as, by lying concealed in a clothes-chest, or through the *bétoise* of sentinels.

These assertions are transmitted to Lord Bathurst by Sir Hudson Lowe, who seems to entertain a very favourable opinion of General Gourgaud's candour. They appear to demand an increased vigilance, and hence the regulations of the 9th October, 1816.

"Rapport à S. A. M. le Prince de Metternich, by Baron Sturmer, 14 Mai, 1818," concerning communications to him by General Gourgaud. These particulars occur:—

1. That Buonaparte mourned much for the death of the Princess Charlotte, whom he considered as having an almost fanatical admiration of him.

2. He was persuaded he would not remain at St. Helena, and expected to be restored to liberty by the English opposition. He had not even entirely renounced the hope of restoration to the throne.

3. He thought the conduct of Louis XVIII. was revolutionary, and exposed him to the risk of losing his throne. He contended, that in prudence he should have got rid of all the marshals, and deprived of power all who were not of his own party.

4. He blamed Marie Louise for leaving Paris in 1814; said he ought to have placed Madame de Beauveau about her, instead of Madame Montebello; and that, if he had not married an Austrian princess, (or if he had married a Russian princess), he would have been still at Paris.

5. He said, on the subject of Colonel Latapie's attempt to convey him off, that it might be true; but that he knew that class of people, who were mere adventurers, and would not confide in them.

6. Asked if he hoped to make his escape? Answered, he has had ten opportunities, and has one at this moment when I am speaking. He might be conveyed in a trunk with dirty linen, and that the English soldiers were so

stupid, that though they would stop him if he appeared in uniform, yet they would let him pass in the disguise of a servant, and with a plate in his hand. When the impossibility was urged: "No, no," replied Gourgaud, "when one has millions at his disposal. Je l'espère, il peut s'évader seul, et aller en Amérique, quand il le voudra." Asked—"Then, why does he remain?" Answer—"We have all counselled him to escape; but he prefers remaining. He has a secret pride in the importance attached to his safe custody, and the interest generally taken in his fate. He has said repeatedly, 'Je ne puis plus vivre en particulier; j'aime mieux être prisonnier ici que libre aux Etats Unis.'"

7. Does he write his history? "He writes disjointed fragments, which he will never finish. When asked why he will not put history in possession of the exact fact, he answers, 'It is better to leave something to be guessed, than to tell too much.' It would also seem that, not considering his extraordinary destinies as entirely accomplished, he was unwilling to detail plans which had not been executed, and which he might one day resume with more success.

8. Which of you wrote the famous letter of Montholon? "The emperor himself dictated the greater part of it. Other letters would appear, pretended to be written by captains of merchant vessels. You would hardly believe that Santini's work was by him. I suppose, to cure him of that mania of writing, Bassano or Berrioz should have been with him, rather than either Bertrand or Montholon."

9. How does he behave in his household? "Excellent to his domestics, trying to help every one, giving them the highest consideration for such talents as they actually possess, and imputing them to such as have none."

10. With those of his suite, Napoleon preserved the manners of royalty; played at chess for five hours at a time without permitting them to sit down.

11. Madame de Montholon pleased him by playing *une femme savante*, knowing the history of France, and telling him repeatedly that they ought to guillotine eighty Parisians every day for having betrayed him; and that France merits to be an hundred times more unfortunate than she is at present, &c.

Count Balmain's Report to Major Gorriquer, 26th March, 1816.

Gourgaud told Balmain that he had challenged Czernicheff when the allies were at Paris in 1814; also that he had challenged Montholon when at St. Helena; for sitting nearer to Napoleon than he (Gourgaud). A very different opinion of Gourgaud's candour is expressed, but he admitted that he had talents as an artillery officer.

Bertrand made reports to British officers against Gourgaud, upon his insisting on having as many wax candles as he (Bertrand), who had a wife and children; and that Gourgaud did not return any part of the provisions allotted to him.

Mention of a conversation between Gourgaud and Napoleon, resting, I suppose, though it is not explicitly so stated, upon Gourgaud's authority.—Napoleon, in a dispute with Gourgaud, is stated to have said—"For all this, you would be glad to return to my service, should I again land in France." "No," replied Gourgaud; "should France be visited by such a misfortune as your return, I would be found on the opposite side, fighting to the last to prevent the renewal of your power." This is mentioned incidentally after General Gourgaud had left England.

No. II.

Letter from Mr. Goulburn, Secretary of State in the Colonial Department, to the Earl Bathurst, Principal Secretary, literally copied.
(Copy.)

Dorset Street, 10th May, 1815.

My Lord,—In obedience to your directions, I have had several conversations with General Gourgaud, for the purpose of ascertaining whether he was disposed to afford any further details upon the several points adverted to in Sir Hudson Lowe's more recent despatches.

The information which I have received from him, though given in considerable detail, is in substance as follows:—General Gourgaud had no difficulty in avowing that there has always existed a free and uninterrupted communication between the inhabitants of Longwood and this country, without the knowledge or intervention of the governor; and that this has been made use of, not only for the purpose of receiving and transmitting letters, but for that of receiving pamphlets, money, and other articles, of which the party in Longwood might from time to time be in want; that the correspondence has, for the most part, been carried on direct with Great Britain; and that the persons employed in it were those Englishmen who from time to time visit St. Helena, to all of whom the attendants or servants of Buonaparte have free access, and who, generally speaking, are willing, many without any reward, and others for very small pecuniary considerations, to convey to Europe any letter or packet intrusted to their charge. It would appear, also, that the captains and others on board the merchant ships touching at the island, whether belonging to the East India Company or to other persons, are considered at Longwood as being peculiarly open to the seduction of General Buonaparte's talents; so much so, indeed, that the inhabitants of Longwood have regarded it as a matter of small difficulty to procure a passage on board one of these ships for General Buonaparte, if escape should at any time be his object.

General Gourgaud stated himself to have been aware of General Buonaparte having received a considerable sum of money in Spanish dollars, viz. 10,000^l, at the very time that he disposed of his plate; but on being pressed by me as to the persons privy to that transaction, he contented himself with assuring me that the mode of its transmission was one purely accidental, that it could never again occur; and that, such being the case, he trusted that I should not press a discovery, which, while it betrayed its author, could have no effect either as regarded the punishment of the offenders, or the prevention of a similar act in future. The actual possession of money was, moreover, not likely, in his view of the subject, to afford any additional means of corrupting the fidelity of those whom it might be advisable to reduce, as it was well known that any draught, whatever might be its amount, drawn by General Buonaparte on Prince Eugene, or on certain other members of his family, would be scrupulously honoured.

He assured me, however, in answer to my inquiries, that neither Mr. Balcombe nor Mr. O'Meara were in any degree privy to the above transaction; and that the former, although recently much dissatisfied with his situation, had never, in any money transaction, betrayed the trust reposed in him. He declined, however, most distinctly, giving me the same assurance with respect to their not being, either or both,

privy to the transmission of a clandestine correspondence.

Upon the subject of General Buonaparte's escape, he confidently stated, that, although Longwood was, from its situation, capable of being well protected by sentries, yet he was certain that there was no difficulty in eluding at any time the vigilance of the sentries posted round the house and grounds; and, in short, that escape from the island appeared to him in no degree impracticable. The subject, he confessed, had been discussed at Longwood, and the individuals of the establishment separately desired to give their plans for effecting it. But he expressed his belief to be, that General Buonaparte was so fully impressed with the opinion that he should be permitted to leave St. Helena, either upon a change of ministry in England, or by the unwillingness of the English to bear the expense of detaining him, that he would not at present run the hazard to which an attempt at escape might expose him. It appears, however, from the statement of General Gourgaud, and from other circumstances stated by him, that General Buonaparte has always looked to the period of the removal of the allied armies from France as that most favourable for his return; and the probability of such a decision, and the consequence which would follow from it, were urged by him as an argument to dissuade General Gourgaud from quitting him until after that period.

Upon the subject of General Buonaparte's health, General Gourgaud stated, that we were much imposed upon; that General Buonaparte was not, as far as bodily health was concerned, in any degree materially altered; and that the representations upon this subject had little, if any, truth in them. Dr. O'Meara was certainly the dupe of that influence which General Buonaparte always exercises over those with whom he has frequent intercourse; and though he (General Gourgaud) individually had only reason "de se louer de M. O'Meara," yet his intimate knowledge of General Buonaparte enabled him confidently to assert, that his bodily health was not at all worse than it had been for some time previous to his arrival at St. Helena.

I have, &c.
(Signed) HENRY GOULBURN.
The Earl Bathurst, &c. &c. &c.

In the course of my conversation with General Gourgaud, many topics were necessarily introduced which had little, if any, reference to the escape of General Buonaparte, but which it may be not uninteresting to relate.

He willingly entered into considerable detail with respect to the battle of Waterloo, or the events which preceded it, and those which afterwards occurred. He was the better informed with respect to the battle itself, from having, since his residence at St. Helena, been employed by General Buonaparte in transcribing from his dictation an account of it, and from having been personally engaged in that action, partly in active operations with a large body of cavalry, and, during the remainder of the day, attendant on General Buonaparte. Nothing, in his opinion, could surpass the merit of the arrangements made by Buonaparte for the campaign, nor the astonishing degree of success which attended the commencement of his operations—astonishing, because it comprised every advantage which the most sanguine could have looked for; and many more, which General Buonaparte even had never anticipated, viz. the separation of the English and Prussian armies; the surprise of them in their respective cantonnements; their readiness to fight a battle,

which he had expected would have been declined; and the facility with which the Prussians were defeated at Ligny. And had Buonaparte acted with his usual energy on the 18th June, or rather, had he not acted with so much prudence, and reserved a large force in expectation of the Prussian attack, which was consequently not employed against the English position till late in the day, when the French army had sustained severe loss and frequent repulse,—he considers that the result would have been different. Buonaparte had been warned by Marshal Ney, on the preceding day, that the English, when in position, were not easily expelled from it; and his advice was, to compel them to manoeuvre and march for some time previous to coming to action with them. But General Buonaparte's opinion was different, and, moreover, the time did not admit of his delaying an engagement with the English army alone.

After the action, General Gourgaud was one of those who accompanied General Buonaparte from the field. The opinions of his followers, as to the line of conduct to be pursued, were very different; nor was it until they arrived within a few miles of Paris, that it was determined that General Buonaparte should proceed to Paris, and when arrived there, should himself appear at once, in the dress in which he was, before the Assembly, and try the effect of his sudden re-appearance and eloquence in endeavouring to secure their support. On arriving, however, Buonaparte complained so much of fatigue, that he declared it to be impossible to carry this determination into immediate effect; and, during the four hours which elapsed before he was sufficiently re-established, the Assembly had come to those resolutions which terminated his authority. But for this delay, General Gourgaud expressed himself of opinion that Buonaparte might have retained his power for a farther period. From Paris, General Buonaparte fled to Rochefort; from whence, but for another delay of seven days, he might easily have escaped to America, there being two frigates prepared to convey him from that port, and a corvette also in the Guard, the simultaneous sailing of which would have probably secured his retreat, by distracting the attention of the only English ship of war at that time on the station. He lingered, however, at Rochefort from the 2d to the 9th of July, in the hope of being able ultimately to re-establish his authority, by means of his appointment as general of the army under his son; nor was it until all hopes of this kind failed, that he consented to quit Rochefort. By that time the coast was better guarded, and all the projects for escape, of which a variety were occasionally entertained, were ultimately abandoned. Several vessels were fitted for his reception; but as the officers commanding expressed doubts as to the possibility of proceeding with the unfavourable wind which then prevailed, he refused to embark. An American ship laden with brandy was then procured, and part of the cargo discharged. Casks even were fitted up, with the view of receiving in them General Buonaparte and his suite, in case of capture by an English ship. But when every preparation was completed, this arrangement was equally abandoned, and the resolution adopted of placing himself under the protection of Great Britain. It appears clear, that he entertained a confident hope of being able to persuade this Government to permit his residence in England; as General Gourgaud, who brought his letter to the Prince Regent, (and who has now in his possession the original

* This sum corresponds with the 250,000 francs mentioned in the report of Baron Sturmes.

drought of it,) was furnished with particular instructions from General Buonaparte as to providing a house for him in England, and as to various details incident to his residence there.

With respect to the *Mémoires* which General Buonaparte is said to have written during his stay at St. Helena, he informed me that very little was as yet completed; that Buonaparte had dictated a great deal at different times, but that he principally employed himself rather in dictating particular chapters, repeatedly, with variation more or less important, than in advancing the work. The only parts completed are, the campaign of Egypt and the battle of Waterloo,—one campaign in Italy and one in Russia; but that he has been latterly less active, from a fear of committing individuals, with whom he cannot divest himself of the idea that he will be, at no distant period, again connected.

Among other incidental circumstances, he mentioned, that the "*Manuscrit venu de St. Helena*," which was some time since published here, was the work of one of the establishment at Longwood, and not, as supposed, of Madame de Staël, or Mons. de Constant; that the anachronisms in it were purposely introduced; and that this was far from being the only work sent to England for publication, either as a separate work, or as a paragraph in some one of the newspapers.

As to General Buonaparte's manner of life at St. Helena, it appears that he peremptorily requires from his followers the same respect and obedience which they paid to him when he was Emperor of France, and is perpetually in the habit of interrupting discussions in which the name of General [is mentioned], by stating, that within Longwood he is still, and will always remain, "emperor." His principal attendants are frequently at variance with each other; and the quarrels between General Bertrand and Count Montholon have at times gone so far that they have each insisted on General Gourgaud's not visiting the other, under the threat of excluding him from their society. General Gourgaud represents Buonaparte as being much more subject to fits of passion than he was formerly, and to have undergone a considerable change in his "morale," although his health, in his opinion, is not in any degree deteriorated. "*Vous le croirez quelquefois une divinité même. C'est un dieu qui vous parle; mais il y a d'occasions où vous le trouvez beaucoup au dessous de l'ordinaire*," were the words in which he conveyed to me his general opinion of his present character.

H. G.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

MEDICAL ESSAYS.—NO. IX.

"But say I want'd ye;
Take heed, take heed, for heaven's sake."
Shakespeare.

WE have now arrived at a point in the progress of these Essays, when the remarks which they contain must be addressed to the readers, not in reference solely to the management of the health of others, but more especially of their own. In the plan hitherto pursued, I have confined my attention almost solely to the influence of food, clothing, air, and exercise, on health, through the various stages of life, from the cradle to adult age, when the individual is under parental care, or at least under the control of others—when the body is yet in a state of growth, and the mind in tutelage. My observations must now be extended to that

period when the body is supposed to have attained its utmost stature, and to have gained much of the perfection in form and vigour of which it is susceptible; when the individual is, or when he should be, capable of judging for himself, and of regulating his conduct, both as regards the preservation of his body, and the power of sustaining that character, which he either chooses for himself, or which is allotted to him, in the great drama of the world. If this point be reached with an unimpaired constitution, many circumstances, which were previously of moment, become comparatively unimportant. The requisite quantity of food is less than what was required in the growing state of the frame, the regularity of the supply is less necessary, and the stomach will bear with impunity many varieties of diet which formerly would have proved injurious. There is less susceptibility, also, of diseased impressions from the alternations of weather, although these are not borne with so much patience and indifference as in boyhood. Sedentary occupations, which a few years earlier in life were not only incompatible with the natural feelings, but were likely to lay the foundation of future diseases, are now, if not wholly innocuous, at least much less hurtful. But for what have these been exchanged? Is adult age a state of perfect health? Is the immunity from the influence of causes which assail health in our ascent of the hill of life, an earnest of our security from others not less hurtful when we have reached its summit? To wrap ourselves in such a security would be vain; for numerous evils, less connected indeed with external events and natural circumstances than those which have preceded this period, but not less baneful, lie scattered around, threatening every step of our advancement; and few, very few of us, reach the opposite brow of the steep, and securely descend into that vale of calm repose, where it is certainly the intention of Nature that the mortal journey of all should terminate. To follow the career of this period of life, the matter to be discussed in these Essays must, therefore, become more multifarious; but although less systematic, yet the subjects of these disquisitions shall follow in as regular a succession as the nature of the events that make up the ordinary routine of life will permit.

One of the most common events which follow the attainment of adult age, in both sexes, is marriage. Since this sacred compact is a state in perfect accordance with the instinctive nature of man, no disadvantage in reference to health can result from the event itself, if both parties have reached adult age before it occurs; although, the artificial state of society, the cares and anxieties attendant upon a family, especially with narrow means only for its support, are circumstances unfavourable to the preservation of that equanimity of temper and gaiety of heart which are conducive to the maintenance of a healthy state of the body. But too often the female has not arrived at adult age; and her health and future comfort are sacrificed either to the inconsiderate vehemence of a girlish passion, or to the baser gratification of age desirous to unite itself with youth, or to the capidity of a parent, who is eager to get a daughter, as the term is, advantageously settled. The constitution, in few women, can be regarded as properly or firmly established even at twenty years of age; and, indeed, it would be advantageous for every woman to pass her twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth year before subjecting herself to the cares and fatigues which

the duties of a married life necessarily impose. I am well aware that this is a doctrine completely at variance with that romance which too often governs the youthful mind, when imagination usurps the place of reason, and paints the future

"More sweet than all the landscape smiling near."

But it is to ensure solid comfort, instead of this delusive sweetness, this enchantment, which distance spreads over the future, that the acquisitions of experience are demanded to temper and reën in the fervour of youth. If a female marry before twenty—her disposition lively, her temper ardent, and her love of novelty and pleasure still at its height—what is the consequence? Visitings, late hours, dancing, and other dissipations into which she probably will enter, will prove most injurious to her health, when she is about to become a mother; and, more certainly, if she have already acquired that important character; independent of the hazard which must also endanger, not merely the health, but the life, of an infant, which is applied to the breast of a mother, either in such a state of feverish excitement or of exhaustion, as is likely to be the case in a lady returning from a ball, or a crowded evening party. Women also, under the period of life at which it is contended marriage ought to take place, as they are more ardent in their anticipations, and less experienced in the affairs of life, than those who have attained that age, are also more likely to suffer, if a cloud should pass over the brightness of the scene which they had pictured to themselves from a union with the object of their affections. This produces a slow, corroding grief, which gradually undermines the energy of the nervous system, destroys appetite and banishes sleep; the pulse becomes languid, weak, and generally unequal; the tone of the heart is, as it were, partially paralysed, so that the blood is sent feebly through the lungs; the general circulation also being inadequate to carry the vital current through the minute vessels of the skin, the whole body suffers; and the complexion becomes pale and sallow: for the depression of the spirits deranging the functions of the liver, disappointment preys equally upon the body and the soul; and, if the individual do not sink its victim, she drags on a life of wretchedness and chagrin. This is a melancholy picture; but it has been too often realised; and many are the love-matches, rashly entered into between young people, which have exhibited, in a few short years, this sad termination. Diseases of this description occur from matrimonial alliances at every period of life, and are referred to causes very foreign to that from which they originate. True, indeed, is it, that disappointment and chagrin may result from a marriage contracted at any age,—yet experience has proved that they are more frequently the result of unions from violent attachments in the very young and romantic, than in those whose judgments have been matured, and their imaginations moderated, by a little more acquaintance with the world than either a boy or a girl under twenty years of age can possess.

It is but justice, however, to acknowledge, that it may be contended, and justly, that as much injury arises to health from ungratified love as from premature marriage, and that this operates more suddenly and violently, because of all the passions it is the most violent, and the least capable of being controlled. In some constitutions, indeed, it shews itself only by its effects: the body wastes; the pulse becomes tremulous and irregular; deep sighs break from the

chest; there is a ghastly glow and flushing of the cheek; the mind becomes despondent; the appetite is lost; the speech stutters; cold sweats and watchfulness follow; which gradually terminate in consumption, sometimes in insanity. Yet the passion remains latent in the bosom of the sufferer.

"She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm in the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek;
She pined in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at Grief."

The passion, corroding invariably, like intense grief from any other cause, undermines the constitution; and the only remedy is the union of the parties. But, in allowing the truth of this description of the effect of disappointment in the tenderness of all the passions, I would inquire whence the evil proceeds? Is it not the result of an error in female education? does it not arise from the early impression which every girl receives that marriage is the first and most important object of her life; and from the anxiety of every mother to push off her daughters, as soon as they have arrived at that period of life which has been erroneously fixed upon as the marriageable age? Were this altered, and young women impressed with the idea that marriage before the age of twenty-four or twenty-five is both injurious to health and likely to hazard their future felicity, the passion which is now awakened prematurely would seldom be indulged before the constitution is confirmed, and the judgment sufficiently matured to make that selection, which is more certain of ensuring happiness than the romance and ideal of the majesty of early marriages on the present system. At all events, there can be no doubt of the advantages of the change, in reference to health.

Another evil, in reference to health, arising from hasty and inconsiderate marriages, is the impossibility of the temper and disposition of the parties being known to one another, and the chance that they may not harmonise. Nothing breaks down health so effectually as the constant uneasiness excited by being united to a person of an irritable disposition, who is either drawing largely and frequently upon the good-nature of his wife, or, what is worse for both parties, gradually creating in her a disposition similar to his own. Jealousy, another passion which destroys health, is more likely to occur in early and hasty marriages, in which the affections alone have been considered; and where the parties are young, and have few opportunities of mixing in general society until after their union. There is no evil, either corporeal or mental, to which this passion will not give birth—pride, ambition, disappointed love, too great application of the mind, may injure health, and gradually dry up the fountains of life; but jealousy blasts it like the thunder-bolt, shakes the powers of the constitution to their centre, converts both sexes into furies, and, if life sustain the shock, terminates in madness. Many other results, injurious to health, of hasty and too early matrimonial alliances, as far as regards the parties themselves, might be here detailed; but it is of more importance to occupy the remaining space allowed for this essay in pointing out the dreadful effects to posterity from the indifference of parents to one circumstance, in forming or authorising the alliances of their children. I refer to the danger resulting to posterity from the hereditary diseases which too frequently are entailed upon families, from young women

who are ambitious for rank and establishments, or young men who are anxious for fortune without the labour of acquiring it, marrying into families in which these evils are known to exist.

It is an undoubted fact, that the temperament of parents is as certainly transferred to their offspring as the similitude of their faces and persons; and perhaps, could it be as easily discovered, a family temperament of body would be found more frequently to exist than a family likeness. It may be necessary to define the term temperament to some of our readers:—it is that state or constitution of the brain and nervous system, according to which a man thinks and feels, and through which he is more or less affected by external agents. It gives rise to diseases, therefore, in consequence of the different degrees of sensibility and mobility of the brain and nervous system; and, according to the degree of this in individuals, occasional causes act with more quickness and energy on the bodies of some persons than on those of others: when this state is perpetuated in the offspring, diseases become hereditary.

Among hereditary diseases, the most dreadful is insanity; and yet the observation of every day evinces how little this consideration affects the matrimonial alliances which occur. Our own experience disposes us to refer to this source the greater increase of this awful malady than the increased population of this country can explain; and if attention be not given to the subject, the time may arrive when Great Britain will be little better than an extensive lunatic asylum. We once heard a physician of high eminence declare, that at a meeting of fourteen individuals, who were assembled to report on the state of a lunatic, not one of the individuals present were perfectly free from a taint of the disease, either in their own persons or in some of the branches of their families.

There have not been wanting physicians who have laboured to draw a distinction between family and hereditary peculiarities of constitution,—who have regarded the first as confined to a single generation, or the immediate progeny of the same parents; and traced the second only from generation to generation. According to such, madness is not an hereditary disease, although there may be a family susceptibility to the malady; and it is only where external causes, capable of acting upon this so as to rouse the habit into diseased action, operate, that madness will recur as an hereditary affection. But this is rather a refinement in terms than an actual distinction. Indeed it is only necessary to inquire into the history of the cases in the hospitals for the insane, in order to be satisfied of the influence of marriage in propagating this disease. At Charenton nearly one half of the patients are the offspring of insane parents. Nor can it be otherwise, if the temperament of the parent descend to the offspring; if the susceptibility to certain diseases be a necessary sequence of the birth of the individual, if he escape the direct influence of the disease, or, in plainer language, if it do not appear in his person, it is yet as truly hereditary as estates which descend by entail, in those countries which acknowledge the law of primogeniture. It is certainly not impossible—and the probability is consolatory,—that, notwithstanding the hereditary disposition to the disease, if from various causes, and great attention to health and temperance, the offspring of insane parents pass through life without being affected, the hereditary taint may be lessened, and finally

annihilated in succeeding generations. But, till this period arrive, the disease may again make its appearance, for it is still hereditary; and any great irregularity in diet, or any sudden misfortune, may bring it forth even after several generations have been passed over, without its having shewn itself before in an evident manner. Uniform and certain transmission, we do not contend for; but who, endowed with upright and proper feelings, would risk an alliance with a family in which insanity has occasionally appeared in some of the branches, although the immediate parents be perfectly sane? We know an instance of insanity not appearing in a mother until after the birth of a child, yet this child became mad; and the disease was traced as originating from an hereditary taint; although no evident demonstration of its being in the family had been displayed for three successive generations preceding that one in which it appeared.

What has been advanced is sufficient to shew the vital importance of inquiring into the state of every family, as far as hereditary predisposition to disease is concerned. It is indeed not merely an object of interest to the parties themselves, but one, with respect to mental disease, in which the happiness of the whole community is involved: and, to employ the language of an author of high authority on this subject, "parents and guardians, in the disposal or the direction of the choice of their children in marriage, should be informed that an alliance with a family where insanity has prevailed ought to be prohibited." How far the most sanguine can ever hope to see this accomplished, is a question too difficult for us to solve. The influence of wealth, in the present era, is paramount to reason; but we have done our duty in stating the consequences, and shall feel satisfaction in having reared the beacon, which, had it been attended to, might have warned off the shipwreck:

"But, say I warr'd ye go;
Take heed, take heed, for Heaven's sake!"
Sept. 22, 1827.

T.

FINE ARTS.

BUST OF MR. CANNING.

WHILE we regret that no friends of our late Patriot Minister of sufficient rank and influence (such as Lord Goderich, Lord Dudley, Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Huskisson, and Mr. S. Bourne,) have stepped forward to place themselves at the head of a national and popular subscription for a public monument to his genius and virtues, we are called upon from time to time to notice private and individual efforts to devise some mode of expressing the gratitude and admiration with which the country preserves his reminiscence. Engravings of almost every kind have been rapidly published and eagerly sought; medallions and medals have also been widely circulated throughout the kingdom; and we have now to direct attention to a very beautiful production of another class, which is well calculated to be at once an elegant ornament for the apartment, and a pleasing source of mournful recollections for those who loved Mr. Canning and desire to cherish his memory. We allude to a small marble bust taken from Mr. Chantrey's, of the life size, and finished, we understand, under his inspection. It is on the eve of publication by Mr. Flint of the Burlington Arcade. The height, with the pedestal, is about six inches, and, being covered with a bell-glass, it forms an elegant and interesting object. In almost every point of view the likeness is striking; and as a

• Dr. Haslam.

piece of art the execution is most creditable to the copyist—(we see the name)—D. Morison. Altogether, we would earnestly recommend this memorial of the dead to those whose means and conveniences do not enable them to have the large bust. It will in many a place prove for years to come how dearly Britons appreciate the illustrious and the good amongst their statesmen, and be an example for future ministers to emulate. The Marquess of Lansdowne has accepted the dedication.

George Canning. Drawn by H. Corbould, from the Bust by J. Chantrey, Esq.; on stone by W. Fairland. Ackermann.

As engraving from a bust is generally more classical than natural: it is, indeed, a remove from nature beyond the first remove of picture or sculpture. We have accordingly seldom, never, seen any thing of this kind which we could call a fine likeness; nor do we in this instance. The features, individually, are those of Mr. Canning; but the statuary eyes and general rigidity of the countenance are but blank representations of his living intelligence.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET.
O go not forth to night, my child,
O go not forth to night;
The rain beats down, the wind is wild,
And not a star has light."

"The rain it will but wash my plume,
The wind but wave it dry;
And for such guest as mine, milk-gloom
Is welcome in the sky."

And little will the warden know
What step is gliding near;
One only eye will watch below,
One only ear will hear."

A hundred men keep watch and ward,
But what is that to me?
And when hath ever Love been barred
From where he wills to be?"

Go, mother, with thy maiden band,
And make the chamber bright;
The loveliest lady in the land
Will be thy guest to-night."

He flung him on his raven steed—
He spurr'd it o'er the plain;
The bird, the arrow, have such speed;
His mother called in vain."

"His sword is sharp, his steed is fleet,
St. Marie, be his guide;
And I'll go make a welcome meet
For his young stranger-bride."

And soon the waxen tapers threw
Their fragrance on the air,
And flowers of every morning hue
Yielded their sweet lives there."

Around the walls an eastern loom
Had hung its purple fold—
A hundred lamps lit up the room,
And every lamp was gold."

A horn is heard, the drawbridge falls—
"Oh, welcome! 'tis my son!"
A cry of joy rang through the halls—
"And his fair bride is won."

But that fair face is very pale,
Too pale to suit a bride:
Ah, blood is on her silvery veil—
That blood flows from her side."

Upon the silken couch he laid
The maiden's drooping head;
The flowers, before the bride to fade,
Were scattered o'er the dead."

He knelt by her the livelong night,
And only once spoke he—

"Oh, when the shaft was on its flight,
Why did it not pierce me?"

He built a chapel where she slept,
For prayer and holy strain:

One midnight by the grave he wept,
He never saw again."

Without a name, without a crest,
He sought the Holy Land:

St. Marie, give his soul good rest,
He died there sword in hand."

L. E. L.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.
POPULAR CUSTOMS, &c. IN FRANCE.

NO. II.

On the Origin, Manners, and Customs of some Communes in the Department of the Ain, in the Neighbourhood of the River Saône.

THE department of the Ain forms a peninsula, which is bounded on the east and the south by the Rhone; on the west by the Saône; partly on the north by the Seille; and on the north-east by the Jura mountains. Its topographical position has always rendered it a peculiar province, and its inhabitants, or its governors, have ever possessed their local customs. This peninsula, successively invaded, ravaged, or occupied by foreigners or neighbours, and always the frontier of some possessions, has more or less preserved, in different parts, the impress of the manners, character, and customs of the people who occupied it, or who lived in its neighbourhood. Hence arise, as much as from climate and temperature, the differences in the language, dress, and manner of living, of the inhabitants of the four divisions of this department.

Traditional History.—The inhabitants of the villages in the neighbourhood of the Saône are said to derive their origin from the Saracens, who overran France in the eighth century, and were afterwards driven from it by Charles Martel. They left Egypt (which they had invaded) for the first time in the year 678; they afterwards ravaged Greece and Sicily, and passed into Spain in 714. Their first interruption into France was in the year 719 or 721; their numbers were immense, and they came accompanied with their wives and children, because they intended to establish themselves in the country they were about to conquer. It is well known that they penetrated into France, and sacked and burnt the towns on the banks of the Saône, particularly Tournus, a short distance from the places mentioned in this memoir. Charles Martel having made himself master of Lyons in 733, drove them from the neighbouring provinces, and altogether expelled them from the South of France.

There is no doubt that their troops occupied and travelled over the country during their invasion; some traces of their migrations still exist in a plain called *des Buges*, on the banks of the Ain—these consist of a ruined tower or fort, called *Motte Sarasin*, which appears to have been burnt, and in the entrance of which was found a great quantity of broken calcined tiles, &c.

According to the general opinion, some bands of the Saracenic troops concealed themselves, after their various defeats, on the eastern bank of the Saône, where the country, covered with wood, and intersected by rivers, offered a secure asylum to their fugitive hordes. Having

* Some remains of Saracen armour have lately (1806) been found in this part of France.—Ed.

wandered about for some time, they were at length permitted to settle in this country, where they found a soil at once fruitful and easily cultivated; but this permission was obtained only at the price of their liberty, as they became for ever serfs or slaves.

These new colonists were principally scattered over the territories of Sermaisey, Arbigny, Boz, and Ozan. The greater number of them were settled at Boz, pronounced *Bou* by the inhabitants of the place. As the Saracens chiefly traded in cattle, which is still the occupation of the natives of this part of France, it is probable that the word Boz has a Latin or oriental derivation, in conformity with this circumstance. Another band of Saracens formed a colony at Huchisy, on the western bank of the Saône.

These people lived, as it were, in a completely isolated state, in the heart of a country whose manners, principles, and belief, were directly the reverse of their own. They preserved a rough and gloomy exterior: the traces of their primitive customs and of their religion, which they had been forced to abandon; their jealousy of their neighbours; the recollection of the invasions made by their own people; the contrast between their active habits and the indolence of the natives of the country in which they were settled; the contemptible and abject manner in which they were compelled to carry on their traffic in cattle;—all contributed to form the Saracens into a separate caste, and to excite against them as much animosity as is exercised against the Jews. As it respects the present inhabitants, notwithstanding the lapse of time, this impression is not entirely effaced.

Although we shall speak principally of the inhabitants of Boz, who are called *Burhins*, our remarks will apply to those of Ozan, Arbigny, Sermaisey, &c.; but as the people of these villages have mixed more together, the purity of the ancient customs is not so well preserved, and their departure from them is more evident than among the inhabitants of Boz. The customs of the people of Huchisy are not less marked than those of Boz; yet there are some shades of distinction in the character and manners of the *Chizerots*, whence it appears that this Saracen colony was formed of another nation or tribe. Their troops were composed of various hordes or people, all united under one law and the same chiefs; and it is therefore easy to conceive, that a variety of characters, forms, and customs, would be found in the same army.

Physiognomy.—The figure of the *Burhins* is small, and their complexion dark; they have regular features, an expressive countenance, a small and quick eye, a well-made mouth, a small nose, large eyebrows, and thick hair. They have a firm, steady walk, muscular forms, and are of a sanguine constitution; they are also lively and intelligent. The other *Bressans* are taller, and are more unconstrained in their motions; their faces announce mildness and good nature; their constitution is less sanguine, and they have not that fierceness of character and even rudeness which is observed among the *Burhins*; and particularly the *Chizerots*.

Dress.—The *Burhins* wear a long vest or garment, which reaches to the knee;—some ornament it down to the bottom with small pewter or copper buttons; while others have it crossed, and fastened on the breast with two rows of large copper buttons. These garments are commonly green, with a border of lilac, or a very dark green. The shape, the length, and the plaits of their coats cannot fail to re-

mind one of the long robe of the orientals, somewhat shortened since the change of country in those who wore it. They are, in general, of an iron-gray colour, ornamented from top to bottom with copper buttons; over these they commonly wear a surcoat of black cloth, very much plaited. The Chizerots fasten their clothes with clasps, and never have buttons upon them. Their breeches, till very lately, were large and ample—"a world too wide"—and made completely after the Swiss or Turkish model.

The Burhin women are extremely fair, have very interesting features, and a lively black eye; but their neighbours, the Chizerots, have a dull, heavy look, and seem as if they were bent to the ground by continual labour.

The girls wear little caps called *coiffettes*, with a lace border; and over this they put on a round black hat, with a raised rim, and fastened under the chin with a red riband. The cap reaches only to the ear, where it is tied with a small red silk cord or riband, forming a knot on each side, and reaching to the chin, under which it is secured. This dress gives an appearance of plumpness and freshness to the wearer which is very agreeable. The married women have two of these caps, which they wear one over the other.

Not long since, a singular cap or turban was worn by the Chizerote women; it was made of curly wool, either black or brown, and was called a *toque*; but whether from the inundation of new fashions, or the want of artists to construct it, this head-dress is now almost entirely laid aside. The *toque* was made of a single piece, like the felt of a hat, and very thick. The hair, although completely covered with the *toque*, was twisted or bound round a circular pad or padding, fastened on the back of the head, and concealed under the *toque*.

The girls of the village of Reyssouze (in the neighbourhood of Boz, and which appears to have the same origin), remarkable for the beauty of their complexion; and the sweetness of their language, had formerly no other head-dress than that bestowed upon them by nature, their beautiful tresses being tied with silk cord; and when they went into the fields, a small kerchief covered their heads.

The shift worn by the women of Boz is open in the front, and ornamented with needle-work and an edging of lace. The embroidery is made with white thread, in the arabesque style, and looks very well upon the brown linen, to which the women and girls sometimes give a slight tinge of saffron. This last addition is esteemed a great luxury, and pleases them as much on account of the colour as of the perfume which it imparts to this essential and favourite part of their dress. The neck part of the shift is quite full of plaits, and fastened in the front by a long silver pin, with a round or heart-shaped head.

The Burhin women wear very wide *garodes* or garters, half green and half red, resembling those worn by females in the Levant, allowing for the difference of climate, the locality, and the nature of the labour to which they are subjected.

The colour of their dresses is green, black, blue, or red, and often white; they are very much plaited, and resemble the *alts* worn by the ministers of the Catholic religion, and are slightly tied about the middle of the body with rose-coloured or red riband. Like the Moorish or Arabian women, they prefer red to any other colour; hence they are much pleased with red flowers, particularly the poppy, of

which they form garlands, nosegays, &c. Yellow, white, or lilac gailoon is sewed on the seams of the dress, sleeves, &c.

Among the Chizerots, the shift and skirt are both made open in the front; and the shift is full of large eyelet-holes, very neatly worked. The stays are commonly made of a thick green stuff, cut square over the neck, and worked in red or bright green. Over the stays they put on a kind of surcoat of white cloth—a dress still worn in the Greek isles.

Character and Manners.—The Burhins are laborious and active; they trade a great deal in cattle, and are almost all of them either graziers or butchers, from time immemorial. They are considered to be of an austere character, extremely irritable, and very cunning, but less savage than their neighbours the Chizerots: both of them, indeed, are accounted avaricious and mistrustful; but they are not deficient in energy, intelligence, prudence, and other good qualities.

The Chizerots are almost exclusively devoted to agricultural pursuits. They neglect every thing like comfort in their manner of living, and do not take much trouble about prolonging their days: a carelessness which appears to be the result of fatalism, perhaps also of avarice, and perhaps of both; two motives common to them with their progenitors the Arabs. "They like better," say they (in their homely language), "to give their bodies to the earth, than their sweat to the physicians." If they have recourse to art to assist the operations of nature, they apply to some of their neighbours, either men or women, who, according to their belief, are acquainted with all sorts of disorders, and can cure them with two or three kinds of plants. They sometimes resort to the actual cautery, and very often to friction and kneading, or shampooing. This last operation is always had recourse to in colics: in these cases, a kneader (*broyeur*) is immediately called in, who thumps and presses the patient's stomach with his fist, till he falls into a profuse perspiration, or faints away. There are male and female *broyeurs*, according to the sex of the patient; and there are many persons among them who are kneaders, or shampooers, by profession. This practice is evidently derived from the East, and is rather a rough manner of performing an operation well known in Asia and the Levant, and justly esteemed a luxury and a prophylactic, as well as a remedy for many disorders which have resisted all the powers of medicine. The mode of shampooing, however, at Boz, must be considered rather a punishment than a luxury, whatever may be the salutary effect of such a pummelling on the afflicted sufferer.

The inhabitants of Boz and of Huchisy have for a long time remained a separate people from their neighbours, intermarrying only among themselves; and they were, consequently, almost all related to one another. Those of Boz lived in common in their families, to avoid the effects of mortmain, that is, the falling or lapsing of their property to the Seigneur or lord. So much did they dread the introduction of new proprietors or land-holders into their commune, that it sometimes happened that they would make an assessment or rate among themselves, to enable them to purchase the lands or houses of one of their people, who was forced by circumstances to sell it. In the year 1719 the inhabitants of Boz formally refused—by a solemn deliberation of the 22d of October in that year—to enfranchise themselves, or to obtain their freedom from servitude and taxation, because, as it is said in this document,

"This proposition is contrary to the general and particular interests of the community, which ought never to think of enfranchising itself from mortmain, the effect of which is seldom experienced, because the rich inhabitants of the neighbourhood would long since have possessed themselves of their property, had they not been prevented from making purchases, or establishing themselves in the country, by the fear of the said mortmain."

The family meet together in the evening, by the light of their lamps, and talk over their affairs. They are seldom in their houses during the day;—as the Burhins trade in cattle, their employment is generally out of doors, and they frequently take journeys to dispose of their beasts. The Chizerots are almost always occupied in the fields in agricultural pursuits, or in tending their cattle. On the festival days they rise with the sun, dress themselves "in their best," and sit down near their habitations: the old people have a place appointed for them under the porch of the house, where they delight to bask in the rays of the universal dispenser of light and heat—the warm, exhilarating sun of France—not the burning sun of their ancient country.

In all the interesting occurrences of life, as marriage, sickness, death, and funerals, the imagination of these people is fully developed. On these occasions, certain discourses and set speeches are delivered with energy and in a solemn and poetical style; and metaphors and oriental expressions are common among them. They express, and describe with great power, in their language such sentiments as they have occasion for; and these they forcibly impress upon the minds of their hearers, who listen to them with a religious silence. Some examples will enable us to judge of their capability in this respect; and these we shall insert in our next paper.

DRAMA.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

PHILLIPS has again resumed his station among the *Freebooters*, and this opera continues to draw the public by the ears in crowds every night that it is performed. We observe that the spirited manager of the Edinburgh Theatre is preparing to treat the musical amateurs in the northern metropolis with this very popular composition, under the direction, or rather with the assistance, of Mr. Hawes. Repeating our praise of Mr. Arnold, for the taste, judgment, and liberality, with which he is improving and enriching our dramatic music, we must also say, that we are glad to see his efforts so justly appreciated by the public. He has his recompense in bumper houses; and what with the additions of Mathews and Miss Kelly's incomparable *Sergeant's Wife*, we are inclined to guess that this is the most prosperous season yet experienced at the English Opera House.

VARIETIES.

Whales in the Shannon.—About a fortnight since, four small whales (from twenty-five to thirty feet in length) entered the Shannon in pursuit of food; and the fishermen succeeded in driving them ashore, and cutting them up for oil.

Fishmongers' Hall, alias Crockford Palace, has, we are told, been shut against the curious, in consequence of our peep into the interior last Saturday. None but workmen to be admitted, are the orders of the day.

See Serpent.—Letters from Christiania, of

the third and fifth instant, assert, that a prodigious sea monster has been seen by several persons worthy of credit. They describe it as being of a black or dark colour,—of the serpent form,—about the thickness of a hoghead,—and (estimated from the bends which were exposed in its swimming) five hundred feet in length. The kraken of the worthy Pontopoppean, if this be true, is no fiction. A reward of 25*l.* has been offered for the apprehension of this mighty pirate.

Paul Brookes, Esq. died lately, at St. Petersburg, aged sixty-three, much respected by most zoologists, as an indefatigable traveller in the pursuit of natural history. For the last thirty years, with the exception of two or more that he resided in the New Road, he was engaged in zoological researches in France, Holland, Germany, Portugal, and Africa, also in North and South America. Having sold his house, he became an annual voyager to both the capitals of the Russian empire, viz. St. Petersburg and Moscow, as well as occasionally to Sweden, Lithuania, and even Lapland.—From a Correspondent.

York House.—We are informed that the mortgages on York House, alluded to by us last week, were not all in the hands of Government; but that there were three several sums advanced, first by Mr. Greenwood, second by Mrs. Coutts, and third by Government; the whole amounting to 45,000*l.* secured on the property.

Blue Dye.—The substitution of Prussian blue for indigo, in the dying of woollen cloths, has long been a desideratum in France; the latter being an exotic material, of high and fluctuating, the former a home product, of moderate and steady price. M. Raymond, a French chemist, began to apply himself to this subject in the year 1819, and has at length invented a process which he allows to be more complicated than that of dying with indigo, but which is perfectly successful in the production of fixed tints of great beauty, and of any depth that may be required. The inventor confidently anticipates that this new process of dying blues will speedily supersede the old. He has sent a paper on the subject to the Académie des Sciences.

How to Cure a Scotchman of his Jewish Prejudices.—A few Aberdeen masons had embarked for London in a smack freighted with granite, destined to form part of Waterloo Bridge. The voyage being rather tedious, the fresh provisions were soon exhausted, and little else remained for mastication except a few pieces of pork, abundantly salt, and not remarkably tender. The first day this unhalcyon provender was laid before the passengers, not one of them would taste a morsel. By the vulgar of Scotland the flesh of swine is accounted an abomination, as is likewise that of the eel; the one being an ungrainy, hideous brute, and a most loathsome feeder, and the other like unto that accursed reptile which was the primary cause of our fall.

Matters standing thus, the master of the vessel was sorely puzzled, being unwilling to expose the full extent of the nakedness of the land, or, to speak more properly, water, and not by any means relishing the prospect of being tried for starving his anti-swinish passengers. He at last made up his mind how he should act. "Jamie," quoth he to the steward, "let me ken fan neist" they winna eat pork." Next day, at dinner, nothing made its appearance but the infernal salt pork. The unhappy hewers of stone were like to disgorge their

entrails at the bare sight of it. Up goes the steward to his master, and reports the state of things below. Down comes the captain, apparently in a violent fury, one hand wielding a tremendous rusty Andrea Ferrara, and the other, an old horse-pistol, which, to the affrighted vision of these miserable sons of Tan-talus, looked larger than a carbine—"Noo, lat me see the loon," cries he, "that winna eat pork!"

So instantaneous an effect was produced by this terrible apparition, that the pork was discussed in a very few moments, and that without a single grimace.

Cathedral Antiquities: Mr. Britton.—We copy the latter paragraph in the subjoined extract from the *Gloucester Journal*, with sincere regret. The valuable nature of Mr. Britton's labours would cause any interruption of them to be lamented; but that they should be interrupted by so painful an accident must be still more deplored, not only by his personal friends, but all the friends of literature, science, and the fine arts. "*Gloucester Cathedral*.—This magnificent edifice, the pride of our city and county, is at length likely to be correctly and tastefully illustrated, and its history fully developed. Mr. Britton, whose numerous publications on the Cathedrals and Architectural Antiquities of England must be generally known to the public, is now surveying it, and announces a handsome quarto volume on the subject. Referring to the splendid works which he has already produced on the Cathedrals of Salisbury, Winchester, Norwich, York, Canterbury, Wells, Exeter, &c. we look forward to the promised volume with no small degree of anxiety and hope. That our cathedral is worthy of the most minute and most elaborate graphic display—that its annals afford abundant interesting matter—we are well aware; and we are equally persuaded, that the whole will be done justice to by the indefatigable antiquary and author now engaged upon them. His personal investigations of other cathedrals, we know, have led the officers of the respective edifices to examine and inquire into the present state of each; and many improvements and embellishments have been the result. At Lichfield, the whole of the elegant west front has been beautifully restored. At Winchester, the interior has been scraped, cleaned, and repaired—one of the massive piers of the nave has been rebuilt, at a great expense, and in a skilful manner. The Cathedral of Canterbury has undergone a thorough renovation—its nave, transept, choir, &c. have been cleaned—loads of accumulated white-wash have been taken away—the armorial bearings at the intersection of the groins, and in other places, have been richly emblazoned and regilt—a new altar screen has been made, and many other improvements effected. The Dean and Chapter of Peterborough, without any fabric funds, have commenced a renovation of their fine Norman Cathedral, and also a complete repair of the splendid and unique west front—they have also begun a subscription, by liberal advances themselves, collectively and individually, towards forming a new organ screen, altar screen, and stalls; all of which, in their present state, are not only mean, but contemptible. Perceiving this spirit of improvement prevailing at most of the cathedrals, we wish to see it operate in a similar degree in our own church, for it is worthy of most especial care. It is replete with architectural interest; it is a school for the student, a theme for admiration and study to the antiquary, and entitled to the most diligent attention of the historian. Not only its

stability should be amply secured, but all its beauties, all its ancient and varied characteristics, should be displayed and carefully preserved. Discolorations of all sorts, extraneous and ill-adapted parts, should be removed, and every feature guarded from vulgar and wanton spoliation. It should, however, be freely and fully displayed to the well-informed antiquary, the architect, and inquiring traveller.—Since the above was written, we regret to find that the work alluded to is likely to be retarded in its publication, owing to a dreadful accident which happened to Mr. Britton, on Monday last. That gentleman was riding in the vicinity of this city, near the turnpike on the Stroud road, when the horse starting, the rider checked him, and the animal reared up, and fell backwards upon Mr. B. in a ditch by the road-side. With the utmost difficulty Mr. B. extricated himself from the struggling animal; when he found he had sustained a terrible compound fracture of the right leg, both bones being broken just above the ankle, and the foot completely twisted round. Fortunately, Mr. Britton's cries for help were instantly heard by the inmates of a house near the spot, who rendered the most prompt assistance, and conveyed the sufferer to the Spa Hotel, where, within half an hour of the accident, the fracture was reduced by Mr. Fletcher in a very skilful and kindly manner; and we are happy to say that Mr. Britton is now going on very favourably; but a long confinement must, of necessity, be submitted to."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A volume is in the press (with a Frontispiece by Branst), entitled *Circle of the Seasons, and Perpetual Key to the Calendar and Almanack*; to which are added, the *Circle of the Hours of the Day*, and the *History of the Days of the Week*—being a Compendious Illustration of the Artificial History and Natural Phenomena of each Day in the Year.

The Author of *Sophia de Lissi* intends publishing early in the ensuing year, her *Narrative of the Striking Vicissitudes and Peculiar Trials of the Eventful Life of Emma de Lissi*; in which she promises much information respecting the Jews.

The Deaf and Dumb.—A work by M. de Gérando, on the Education of the Deaf and Dumb, has lately been published in Paris. It contains a number of curious details; but it is evident that the French are still very defective in this interesting branch of human knowledge.

A Medical Journal is projected at Glasgow, to be edited by Mr. Mackenzie, Andersonian Professor of Anatomy, &c.

The Author of a *Whisper to a Newly Married Pair*, &c. has in the press an historical work in one volume, entitled *The Old Irish Knight*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Moore's *Epicurean*, 4th edition, 12mo. 6*s.* 6*d.*—Smith's *Introduction to Botany*, 6th edition, 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.*—Seymour's *Treatise on Insanity*, 8vo. 12*s.*—King Henry VIII.'s *Household Book*, 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.*—Walton's *Lives*, 4to. 6*s.* 6*d.*—2*mo.* 6*s.* 6*d.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1827.

September.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 13	From 46. to 63.	29.77 to 29.90
Friday... 14	— 48. — 68.	29.60 to 30.10
Saturday... 15	— 52. — 70.	30.10 to 30.17
Sunday... 16	— 57. — 70.	30.08 to 30.10
Monday... 17	— 54. — 69.	30.18 to 30.20
Tuesday... 18	— 51. — 70.	30.16 to 30.09
Wednesday 19	— 45. — 68.	30.05 to 30.04

Wind variable, prevailing N.W.
Except the 14th, 15th, and 19th, generally cloudy, with frequent rains.

Rain fallen 6 of an inch.
Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude... 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We like M. H.'s Epigrams very well; but we cannot insert personal pique.

J. C. J. has not sufficient general interest.
ESNAULT.—In our brief sketch of Foscolo last week, a line of MS. was accidentally omitted, which renders the sense doubtful—after the name of Jacopo Ortis ought to appear, "under whose assumed name he so forcibly drew the picture of his own feelings."—Instead of "Translation of Dante," it ought also to be "Edition of Dante,—with very able Commentaries."

